



AD MELIORA

VOX FLUMINIS

1946

United Church of Canada

UNITED COLLEGE

in affiliation with

THE
UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA



Students are offered courses in:

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE leading to the B.A. Degree and including pre-professional courses for: Commerce, Engineering, Law, Medicine, etc.

COLLEGIATE—Grade XI (Matriculation), Grade XII (Entrance to Second Year and Normal School).

FACULTY OF THEOLOGY—Diploma and B.D. Courses.

Additional Facilities:

RESIDENCE for men and women.

STUDENTS' ACTIVITIES: Athletics, Debating, Dramatics, etc.

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WINNIPEG

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MANITOBA



VOX FLUMINIS

RIVERBEND SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

WINNIPEG • CANADA

Dedication

To Mrs. E. Munroe the
1946 edition of Vox
Fluminis is gratefully
dedicated.



FAREWELL TO RIVERBEND

As I look backward over seventeen years, the panorama of the growth of this school appears like the weaving of a great tapestry with a multitude of fine detail.

Well I remember the first day I came to Riverbend with Mrs. R. F. McWilliams. We looked over the Red House and White House, both in many respects different from what they are today. That was August 13th, 1929.

As one who has watched our Riverbend girls come and grow up amid the beauty and within the sound of the gently flowing river, which winds its way past our door, I am impressed with the foresight of our founder, Sir James Aikins. He would, I am sure, be happy with the way the school has grown, with the real fun and enjoyment the girls have on the beautiful lawns.

My greatest joy in the years past has been in watching those little girls who come to kindergarten in early years, grow up, graduate from school, and move on to University and other fields. Some have married and their little girls and boys are now in Riverbend Kindergarten. Today it is a pleasure to greet these "Old Girls" when they gather for Alumnae meetings.

As the girls have come and gone over the years, so have the staff: Miss Joan Foster who was our first principal is now principal of Trafalgar Girls School; our secretary Miss Laing is enjoying a well earned rest in B.C.

In the early days warm friendships were formed with members of staff from across the sea. Among the names that flash across my mind and who have kept in touch with me and Riverbend are: Miss Dorothy Mackereth now Mrs. John Mitchell, Barbara Erith, Agnes C. Anson and Mary Floyd Stevens.

When I think of England I am reminded of our English girls, who with Miss Mary Bell, came to us in 1940. There have been new links forged between Canada and England through these girls and we are happy in the knowledge that they are now safe with their parents at home.

Since the war we have faced difficulties through lack of help which left me less opportunity to enjoy the girls, especially the boarders, but I am glad of the years spent at Riverbend. My life has been enriched through contact with so many girls in the effort to keep them well, and sharing their needs and affections, their joys, sorrows and whimsies—even to a new hair-do presented for approval.

The last few years I have had the helpful and understanding assistance of Mrs. Reid, without whose aid I would not have been able to carry on.

I know I am going to miss Riverbend, particularly the girls. After a good rest I will have many a longing to be back with Miss Carter and all of you. But now, as our motto says you must continually push on, "Ad Meloria".

Affectionately, ELIZABETH MUNROE.

VOX FLUMINIS EXECUTIVE



BACK ROW: *Grace Rich (Business Manager), Patt McCarthy (Advertising), Barbara Halls Halls (Magazine Artist), Donna Stephenson (Advertising), Beverly-Ann Laidlaw (Advertising), Marguerite Purkess (Sports), Marion Bell (Literary Editor).*

FRONT ROW: *Josephine Riley (Activities), Jocelyn Williams (Humour), Miss D. Baker (Staff Adviser), Joan Clegg (Editor), Virginia McMillan (Assistant Editor), Shirley Frogley (Photography).*



AFTER the most destructive war in History, our school motto, "To Better Things", would be a fitting phrase for the graduation class to retain when planning their futures in the world of today. It is the duty of these graduates and of the remaining students to strive and maintain "Better Things", by working together to build a firmer foundation for a lasting peace.

The way to such an attainment can be begun by us, the youth of Riverbend, by fulfilling numerous suggestions evolved by Major Ney to organize and preserve an international peace for the future. Being affiliated with Epworth High School in Pietermaritzburg, Natal we, in a small way, are given a golden opportunity for establishing friendly relationships between two countries.

During the shadow of the last six years many students from stricken countries deemed it necessary to continue their studies in Canada and the United States. At Riverbend we had representatives from England, India, and the Falkland Islands; although these girls have departed from us, we feel more confident in understanding the views of other youths and thus of paving a road to a tranquil future.

To those girls and to the staff, who have so willingly contributed to our year book, we wish to extend our sincerest thanks. We hope that in years to come you will turn to your "Voice of the River", to remind you of your happy life at Riverbend.

*Principal's
Letter*



Dear Girls:

This year I am not writing a letter, but I am going to give you a few quotations which I hope you will read and consider:

Many strokes though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.

I shall pass through this world but once; therefore any good thing that I may do, or any kindness that I may show, let me do it now, let me not neglect it, as I shall not pass this way again.

Remember it is not your position that makes you happy or unhappy, it's your disposition.

Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.
Don't waste time looking at your hill—
Climb it!

If we notice little pleasures as we notice little pains,
If we quite forgot our losses and remembered all our gains,
If we looked for people's virtues and their faults refused to see
What a comfortable, happy, cheerful place the world would be!

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not.

Ad meliora!

With best wishes,

Yours affectionately,

J May Carter

GRADUATION





MARY MacKAY

OUR HEAD GIRL

Mary MacKay, our Head Girl at Riverbend for the year 1945-46, came to Riverbend when she was four years old. She is dark, has large brown eyes and is five feet tall. Last year she proved her efficiency as secretary of Garry Hall and has continued this efficiency as Head Girl. Mary's best subject is English and she intends to begin an Arts course at the University of Manitoba next fall. We all realize that Mary has worked faithfully for Riverbend and we are proud of the way she has proved her capabilities as Head Girl of the school. We know that she will be successful in the future and wish her the very best of luck.



MARJORY-LYNN McINTYRE

OUR SPORTS CAPTAIN

Marjory-Lynn McIntyre, our Sports Captain for the year 1945-46, also started Riverbend in Kindergarten. Last year she was Sports Captain of Garry Hall, where she proved herself capable for the greater task this year. She is a member of the basketball and volleyball teams and also enjoys badminton, apparatus and bowling. Marjory-Lynn takes a great interest in all the sports teams of the school and works tirelessly to improve them. When asked if she will try a new sport, she replies, "Sure I'll try anything." She is an all-around sport and has put a great effort towards the improvement of Riverbend sports that we cannot easily forget. Marjory-Lynn plans to take Home Economics next year at the University of Manitoba. She may be sure that we all wish her the very best of luck for the future.

THE PREFECTS



MARION ANDERSON



ELSPETH BURRIS



DIDI RICHARD



SHIRLEY DAWSON

GRADE XII



PHYLLIS BEATTY

"Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark."
'44-'46—Ambition: singer—we can just see Phyl teaching a bunch of little Sinatras—Special interest —Maxwell with Joddy.



MARION BELL

"An unextinguishable laughter shakes the skies."
'44-'46—Ambition: social service—can't you picture Marnie solving Mrs. X's family problems? Special interest: Ronnie.

JOAN CLEGG

"With helping hand and cheery heart
Always ready to do her part."
'44-'46—Ambition: pianist—symphony or playing Mrs. X—Special interest: telephone calls.



EILEEN ELLIOTT

"Of every noble work
The silent part is best."
'43-'46—Ambition: university etc.—but university leads to—Special interest: St. John's.

AUDREY HAVERSTICK

"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
Am a pleasure too, to think on."
'43-'46—Ambition: nurse — Ah! — these modern Florence Nightingales—Special interest: sports.



GRACE RICH

"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
'42-'46—Ambition: nurse—we predict R.N. or M.R.S.
Special interest—one man.

JOCELYN WILLIAMS

"She's little, but she is wise
She's a terror for her size."
'44-'46—Ambition: languages — peut-etre elle sera a la Sorbonne—Special interest—Maxwell House.

GRADE XI

NOREEN AGNEW—2 years—noted for her laughter—ambition, interior decorator—best subject, composition—best point, good nature.



CAROL ANDERSON—off and on since Grade VII—noted for laughing at “corny” things—ambition, to own a car—best subject, German—best point, her carefree nature.



MARY BURNS—5 years—noted for her luncheon dates—ambition, a nurse—best subject, Home Ec.—best point, thoughtfulness.

SHIRLEY FROGLEY—2 years — noted for her wavy hair—ambition, to be Marion’s bridesmaid—best subject, Home Ec.—best point, her complexion.



BARBARA HALLS—3 years—noted for being on the Junior Fashion Council—ambition, an artist—best subject, math.—best point, happy go lucky nature.



JEAN KENT—1 year—noted for her calamities — ambition, to own a stable of horses—best subject, scripture—best point, her complexion.

SHEILA LAMB—1 year—noted for her diamond ring—ambition, to own her own aeroplane—best subject, chemistry—best point, friendliness.

GRADE XI



VIRGINIA McMILLAN—7 years—noted for her endless number of names—ambition, career girl—best subject, math.—best point, chief source of knowledge in Grade XI.

MAXINE PEDLAR—1 year—noted for her poetry and long words — ambition, to become Poet Laureate—best subject, English—best point, her personality.



MARGUERITE PURKESS—3 years—noted for her basketball—ambition, to go to Kelvin—best subject, algebra—best point, good nature.

JO RILEY—3 years—noted for getting a parcel away on time—ambition, a career woman—best subject, chemistry—best point, generosity.



DONNA STEPHENSON—2 years—noted for her basketball—ambition, a commercial artist — best subject, chemistry—best point, her good nature.

BEVERLY STACEY—1 year—noted for her drawings—ambition, an artist—best subject, history—best point, black hair and white skin.



NINA WEBB—1 year—noted for her piano playing—ambition, child welfare—best subject, history—best point, her good writing.

FRANCES WHITE—4 years—noted for her driving—ambition, to be married someday — best subject, algebra—best point, good complexion.



MISS L. D. BAKER



MISS E. BURNS



MRS. W. DOERKSON



MRS. R. JONES



MRS. H. LITTLE



MRS. R. LOW



MISS R. MACKAY



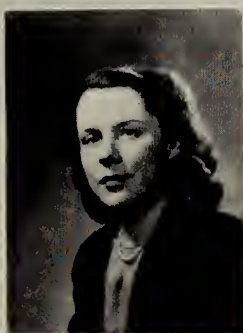
MISS G. MARTIN



MRS. A. MEGAW



MRS. J. REID



MISS M. ROACH



MRS. A. SADLER



MISS M. SHEPLEY



MRS. D. SPARLING



MISS M. VOORHEIS

THE DIFFERENCE

One thing distinguishes this year's graduating class from all who have gone before. The girls who are leaving the shelter of Riverbend are going out into a world really organized for peace. Previous graduates emerged into a world of war or threatened by war. This time we know and everybody knows, that we have to keep out of war.

We read and we hear a lot about the United Nations and maybe we think this is too far away for us to do anything to help. It is our job to do Canada's share in the United Nations plan for world peace. Groups of men and women at world meetings can only plan. The real peace has to be made by the people of each nation.

So many times at Riverbend we have sung the words of our school song which is Rudyard Kipling's Children's Song. The first verse particularly will remain with us:

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Mr. Kipling wrote another poem which he called "Boots" in which the refrain was: "There's no discharge in the war." Our generation has to learn also that there will be no discharge in the peace.

MARY MACKAY, Head Girl.

Dear Girls:

For this school year of 1945-1946 we have striven to carry the torch so highly held by your prefects of former years. We know that whatever success attended us we owe to you. Our duties could have been difficult for us: you made them a pleasure. For this we offer you our love and appreciation.

Good luck to you and especially to the girls who will fill our places.

MARION ANDERSON
ELSPETH BURRIS
SHIRLEY DAWSON
MARJORY-LYNN McINTYRE
MARY MacKAY
DIDI RICHARD

PREFECTS

MARION ANDERSON—3 years—noted for dramatics, debating, and music—ambition, a lawyer—best subject, physics—best point, acting.

ELSPETH BURRIS—3 years—noted for her precision — ambition, to finish Grade XI — best subject, math.—best point, her smiles.

SHIRLEY DAWSON—2 years—noted for her opinions—ambition, to be a teacher—best subject, math.—best point, enthusiasm and spirit.

DIDI RICHARD—3 years off and on—noted for day dreaming—ambition, a nurse — best subject, leave it to your own imagination—best point, a friend to all.

HEAD GIRL'S FAREWELL, 1945

Miss Carter, the Staff and Girls:

June, 1945

Another school year has ended. This last day has always meant a great deal to us all, but we now realize that it has a deeper meaning for the graduating classes. For us it is the end of a familiar design, and the beginning of a new pattern of living. For some it means further academic training, for others it means going straight into the business world—but for all it is a time for making decisions which will determine the course of our lives.

Our days at Riverbend have well prepared us for our place as citizens in a larger world. One-half the battle for world peace is over, it is our duty as future citizens to see that world democracy is carried out to its fullest extent.

To Riverbend we owe the development of our characters and personalities. We have been encouraged to become more independent in thought and action. We have been given increased responsibilities and taught to co-operate with one another, an invaluable training for life. It is thus that we have a very deep sense of loyalty to Riverbend—loyalty that is not heightened by the number of years we have been to the school, but loyalty that is heightened as we more fully realize we can never repay the debt we owe Riverbend for all she has done for us.

I would also like to give you a personal message on behalf of the other Prefects and myself. In September you chose us as your leaders. We believe we have carried out our responsibilities to the best of our ability, which could never have been done without your suggestions and co-operation. Thank you all very much, and we do hope we have not failed you.

Finally, we, of the graduating class, want you all, and especially the teachers, to know that it would be impossible to express ourselves adequately in telling you how much we appreciate all you have done for us, how the only thing we can say is a very sincere Thank You, but we do hope that in the future we shall prove worthy of the time you have given us, and that you will be proud of us.

JANE BULL.

THE TEACHERS' NOTES

MISS ARNOLD—"Music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts—as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare."

MISS BAKER—"Good as it is to inherit a library, it is better to collect one."

MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT—"Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul."

MISS BURNS—"No bubble is so iridescent or floats longer than that blown by the successful teacher."

MISS CARTER—"Thy gentle voice our spirits can cheer."

MRS. DOERKSEN—"Sauf, votre honneur, le français que vous
Parlez, il est meilleur que l'anglais lequel je parle."

MRS. JONES—"They're only truly great who are truly good."

MRS. LITTLE—"A smile in her eye."

MRS. LOW—"Which was performed to a T."

MISS MACKAY—"A stitch in time saves nine."

MISS MARTIN—"Mathematics take us into the region of absolute necessity, to which not only the actual world, but every possible world must conform."

MRS. MEGAW—"A smile from her bright eyes."

MRS. MUNROE—"Out of the strain of the doing
Into the peace of the done."

MRS. REID—"As merry as the day is long."

MRS. SADLER—"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

MISS SHEPLEY—"Oh star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered here,
To waft us home the message of despair?"

MRS. SPARLING—"Tis elder Scripture, writ by
God's own hand,—
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man."

MISS STUART—"Music is the thing of the world that I love most."

REMEMBER

Emma's names and hair, tanning in March, Grade XII's messy class room, Grade XI's marks, Donna Young's "boyish bob", Perk's tunic, Barb's purple ink, Diane's curly hair, Grade X's housepoint list, priceless articles in pound, Gail Weatherby's friendliness, Grade XI's lunch table, Grade IX's seasonal lunch parties, enthusiasm over the summer uniform contest, the water supply in boarding, Max's Sir James, The Lambs' mail, return of Mrs. Munroe's delicious chocolate marshmallow cookies, Mrs. Doerkson's "do you see", Miss Carter's "open the windows", Joan's contacts, Miss Baker's "library tidy", and noon-hour sports?

SEPTALOGUE BY THE GRADE XII BLYTHE SPIRITS

Scene—the top floor of the Red House—one of the bedrooms.

Time—anytime after 10 p.m.—the lights are still on.

Stage setting—Competition may be heard blaring from Grace's and Sheila's radios; doors bang, and a general atmosphere of hubbub reigns. As the curtain goes up, we see Grace picking up Joddy's, Eileen's, and Phyllis's things where they last stepped out of them. Over on a bed, Audrey and Eileen indulge in a box of cookies from home. Enter Negligee Clegg with a swish, or a swash, or a swoosh—(we argued this one out). Phyllis enters, resembling Topsy, with her hair done up in rags, singing "Prepare Thyself Zion". She is rudely interrupted from behind by a Chinese suffle, scuffle, and song act by Joddy and Marion.

Joddy and Marion: Ah ma fou.

Audrey: Je ne sais pas what to do about them.

Joddy: Hukkk—ppto—dirty old Dree.

Phyllis (laughing uproariously): Oh kids, have you heard this one? How long is a Chinaman.

(Sickly grins register on all faces but Marion's.)

Marion (with a puzzled expression): Well, how long P.J.?

(The sickly grins burst into healthy howls. This finally subsides.)

Grace (picking up article X): For cryin' out loud what's this doin's?

Grace receives no reply except) . . .

Eileen: (with a mouthful of cookies) Crunch!

Joan: What is this thing I smell?

Audrey: Silly girl, Joddy's feet—aren't they fierce?

Everyone else in a chorus: Oh no, that's Eileen's pine bath oil.—Ugh!

'In the corner Eileen is seen to gently lift the bottle, breathe in deeply, humming affectionately "Oh They Cut Down the Old Pine Tree.")

Staggering, the Blythe Twelvies exit, in a confusion of song, Grace singing, "I'll Be Going Around the Mountains When I Go", along with Joddy's huskily crooned "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes", while Audrey adds "One Was a Pretty Little Red Head." Added to this Joan joins in plaintively, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," Marion bellows "There's Something About Us Irish", and Phyllis completes the chorus with the conclusion that "It's A Grand Night For Singing."

As she isn't in boarding, we couldn't work her in, But this we consider, would be a great sin, And so to dear teacher, our mistress and friend, We say "you're a good egg"—and this is the end.

CLASS NOTES GRADE XI

WANTED

Barbara Halls—long brown hair, long legs
 Wanted For—"Moeing" them down
 Last Seen—singing "Minnie the Mermaid".
 Reward—what more do you want?

Virginia McMillan—blond, blue eyes.
 Wanted For—Her brains.
 Last Seen—wearing a pair of brand-new glasses.
 Reward—Virg. minus glasses.

Maxine Pedlar—curly headed blond, her sense of humour.
 Wanted For—misinterpreting "Webster" and murdering the King's English.
 Last Seen—sitting in complete oblivion surrounded by books.
 Reward—her new camera (when she gets it).

Marjory-Lynn McIntyre — brown curly hair, big brown eyes.
 Wanted For—falling asleep one day and thinking a certain poem on our National Emblem was a hockey team.
 Last Seen—in knee socks at 40 below and long stockings at 80 above.

Shirley Frogley—schoolgirl complexion.
 Wanted For—her good sportsmanship.
 Last Seen—managing Eaton's fourth floor.
 Reward—all the Grade XI "proofs".

Frances White—blond and bubbling.
 Wanted For—forgery and mimicry.
 Last Seen—forging and mimicing.
 Reward—her running shoes on the window ledge outside, and full of snow.

Carol Anderson—red hair.
 Wanted For—her sense of humour.
 Last Seen—don't know, we never see her.
 Reward—a bunch of priceless excuses.

Marion Anderson—green eyes.
 Wanted For—making a certain speech on Socialism.
 Last Seen—giving forth as "Scrooge".
 Reward—her pen (it isn't worth it).

Noreen Agnew — needs to be seen to be appreciated.
 Wanted For—that ceaseless laughter.
 Last Seen—Knoxng around.
 Reward—all her "old" clothes (the lucky girl).

Shirley Dawson—our little glimmer of sunshine.
 Wanted For—twisting her hair.
 Last Seen—fighting with Donna.
 Reward—the hair (when it falls out).

Jo Riley—long eyelashes and brown hair.
 Wanted For—breaking test tubes.
 Last Seen—consulting Miss Shepley.
 Reward—Spares in Chem. Lab.

Mary Burns—tall and dark.
 Wanted For—a strange disappearance at noon.
 Last Seen—at noon.
 Reward—her lunch.

Donna Stephenson—laughs at everyone's jokes.
 Wanted For—throwing her weight around.
 Last Seen—at Art School.
 Reward—2 street car tickets (for sighting purposes only).

Beverley Stacey—black hair and full of fun.
 Wanted For—holding up Mrs. Reid and stealing her knitting.
 Last Seen—drawing figures.
 Reward—raven tresses.

Jean Kent—the bangs.
 Wanted For—her corney jokes.
 Last Seen—going steady.
 Reward—her ring.

Elspeth Burris—pin-up of Kamloops.
 Wanted For—taking one of Mrs. Munroe's eggs for an egg rinse.
 Last Seen—making an announcement in prayers.
 Reward—her riding clothes.

Sheila Lamb—WOW.
 Wanted For—inflating mail deliveries with certain letters.
 Last Seen—sporting a diamond.
 Reward—an invitation to her wedding.

Marguerite Purkess—figure.
 Wanted For—sportsmanship.
 Last Seen—in a grey tunic (but they are deceiving).
 Reward—her grey tunic.

Nina Webb—dark hair and a smile.
 Wanted For—her letters.
 Last Seen—playing a piano for a gym display.
 Reward—a copy of "Mine Inheritance."

Didi Richard—happy laugh.
 Wanted For—laughing five minutes after everyone else.
 Last Seen—dreaming of a red head.
 Reward—her French verbs.

Mary MacKay—Dimples.
 Wanted For—her worrying.
 Last Seen—with her dog.
 Reward—her Head-girl pin.

Mrs. Doerksen—her smile.
 Wanted For—disturbing the peace.
 Last Seen—gazing on a Bevy of Beauties.
 Reward—a large dusty French dictionary.

» » AUTOGRAPHS « «



GRADE TEN

BACK ROW: Marie Swindell, Miss D. Baker, Beverly-Ann Laidlaw.

SECOND ROW: Barbara Champ, Carol Lamb, Peggy Dolmage, Mary Mathers, Mary McIntosh.

FRONT ROW: Phyllis Huston, Ruth Myles, Joan Carruthers, Patricia McCarthy, Gwenyth Alsip

This is a review of the play, "The Two Bucks is for the Bunny" or "Pass the Glucose", presented by Grade X, which having run for approximately eight months, has finally come to a close.

Under the able direction of Miss Baker, the actors played their parts with melancholy madness and inimitable ease.

The plot was about twelve girls, all trying to live together for one year, in one room.

Entering upon the famous scene, I found the actors engaged in their period of relaxation, which lasts from nine to four. I immediately began to interview the players and found each and everyone to be interesting and likeable.

First I approached "Rabbit-skin" Mathers and "Giggles" Dolmage whom I found, kept the girls supplied with information from the outside world during the year.

Turning around, I found pert "Pat" McCarthy who gave an excellent portrayal of one being satisfied with life, and dying to go on.

Over in one of the corners was "Letters" Lamb, busily doing her duty to the Stamp Act. Thanks to her, the post office employees are not on relief.

Behind her, I spied "Soil-Proof" McIntosh who amazed everyone with her immaculate little self and cheerful outlook on life.

On the right, "Hieroglyphic" Huston was desperately trying to tell the difference between—"la fenille dix-huit" and axiom five.

Back there, supporting the wall, was "Steady" Swindell, another equally ambitious actor whose jokes and emaciated humor were enjoyed by all—especially "Termite" Myles whom I found at the time, carrying on a sarcastic argument with one of the stage hands.

But not to be neglected was "Geekids" Champ. This lucky player got pushed right back into the furthest corner. Obviously she had priorities to be in seclusion with a stucco wall all year.

Next I met "Pencil" Carruthers, the female Varga, whose enjoyment lay in drawing upon everything and anything at anytime. She was talking to her close companion "Skates" Laidlaw—better known as the walking "Who's Who of Where?"

I thought I had concluded my interview when a curly-headed actor came hurrying into the room. Her arms were filled with books and she was overflowing with apologies. But it seems "What is Don can not be UnDon."

Thus have I completed my review of the play of the year. The twelve actors having finished their successful production of "Life in the Guff"—happily bequeath the room to any strolling players who might be interested in staying there a year.

It's the best stage in the school, so see your play is worthy of it.

R.M.



GRADE NINE

BACK ROW: Phyllis Lamb, Betty Morgan, Miss M. Shepley, Lorna McCarthy.

THIRD ROW: Elizabeth Balshaw, Betty Dynes, Lois Huggard, Joan Baker.

SECOND ROW: Frances Abbott, Helen Emerson, Norma Gray, Carolyn Elliott, Joan Roberts, Margery Baker.

FRONT ROW: Julie Ann Harris, Donna Smale, Elaine McGinnes, Marie McRae, Betty Moffat, Carolyn Dowler.

A professional skater,
Some day she will be,
That's Frances Abbott
Just wait and see.

Now for June Baker
A pretty young lass
As far as her school work
We know she will pass.

Now Elizabeth Balshaw
Often absent—too bad
But she's one of the nicest
That Grade IX has had.

Here's Donna Barrett
Who giggles all day
Betty's jokes must be funny
To keep her that way.

Here is Marge Baker
Our Robert H. girl
And when she's around
Our room's in a twirl.

Our Carolyn Dowler
Just Penny for short
She may not be studious
But she's a good sport.

Here's Betty Dynes
Our skater on wheels
She really is graceful
But we know how it feels.

Here's Helen Emerson
With a smile on her face
She has many friends
Too many to place.

Here's Carolyn Elliott
Our keen movie fan
To Hollywood she'll go
We know, if she can.

Meet Norma Gray
Away often we fear
But whenever she's there
We wish she were here.

Meet Julia Harris
Grade IX's story teller
And we all agree
She could write a best seller

Here comes Lois,
Huggard, of course,
She's often embarrassed
But of fun she's a source.

And here's Joy Knox
Who's not very tall,
But she's right in there sharing
And helping with all.

We introduce Phyllis Lamb
Little girl from The Pas,
And from such a big family
She leaves all in awe!

Oh Lorna McCarthy
A spirited little nymph.
She goes to jazz sessions
But seldom a "symph".

Our Elaine McInnes,
So small but so "wilde,"
She's always so pleasant
Her jokes are so mild.

Sweet and gay
Is Marie McRae
She might be small,
But we like her that way.

Meet Betty Moffat
Who's so full of zest;
Has her "bow" trouble
Like all of the rest.

Here's Betty Morgan
A natural blonde,
She is very quiet
But of her we are fond.

Meet little Joan Roberts
Just "Joanie" to you,
An accomplished violinist
An acrobat too.

And now we have Shelagh
Lawson that is,
Tall, dark, but a blonde!
At sports she's a whiz.

You have heard
Of Jonah and the whale,
But have you heard
Of Donna Smale?

And last but not least
comes Miss Shepley, we fear
She'll be in a rest home
at the end of this year,
But despite all her efforts
to make us catch on,
We'll bet you we'll miss
her when this year is gone



GRADE SEVEN AND EIGHT

BACK ROW: Linda Wright, Marjorie Lush, Dinae Armstrong.
 THIRD ROW: Cara-Joy Hughes, Clementine McNern, Elizabeth Abbott, Barbara Drybrough.
 SECOND ROW: Donna Plant, Donna Young, Nancy Smith, Miss R. McKay, Amy Campbell, Elizabeth-Ann Beaton, Daphne White.
 FRONT ROW: Cecily Ann Gunne, Barbara Lennox, Diane Johnson, Dorothy Jackson, Marilyn May, Marilla Reid, Joyce Stovel.

GRADE VII CLASS NOTES

We will attempt to describe to you:
 Our Grade Seven class, p-v:
 Our class teacher is Miss MacKay,
 Poor thing: having to listen to us all day.
 Amy's a boarder, tidy desks aren't for her,
 She comes from the north where they trap fur.
 Barbara Drybrough has long red hair,
 Although she often wishes it wasn't there.
 Barbara Lennox, who Irene and Diane adore;
 Has very nice legs and plenty more.
 Cecily Ann's best friend is who ?
 There's not many things that she can't do.
 Clementine likes playing outdoors,
 And Miss MacKay, she really adores.
 Diane Johnson is tall and slim
 She is good at most subjects and also at gym.
 Dorothy from Regina comes,
 She's a real nice girl and full of fun.
 Irene Koppel has light brown eyes,
 She's fond of work and likes all the guys.
 Joyce Stovel likes drawing and is good at it too,
 She can't talk without giggling and smiling at you.
 Marilyn May has long eye lashes:
 Lucky for her she doesn't wear glasses.

GRADE VIII CLASS NOTES

Experiment Perilous

Object: to describe Grade VIII (if possible).

Apparatus: Donna Y's hair, Elizabeth's horses, Dauphne's French, Nancy's music, Donna P's complexion, Helen's vocabulary, Diane's notes (?), Marjorie's height, Cara's brains, Elizabeth Ann's eyes, Linda's blush.

Method: The solution of Cara's brains and Donna's complexion were placed in the beaker. Through the delivery tube, strains of Nancy's music and Rilla's voice could be heard. Test tubes containing Daphne's French, Donna Y's hair, and Elizabeth's horses surrounded the pneumatic trough. As Cara's brain's and Donna Plant's complexion became warm, Diane's notes and Elizabeth Ann's eyes bubbled down the delivery tube into the pneumatic trough.

Observation: A great discovery that will go down down in the history of Riverbend and will likely win the Nobel Prize for 1946.

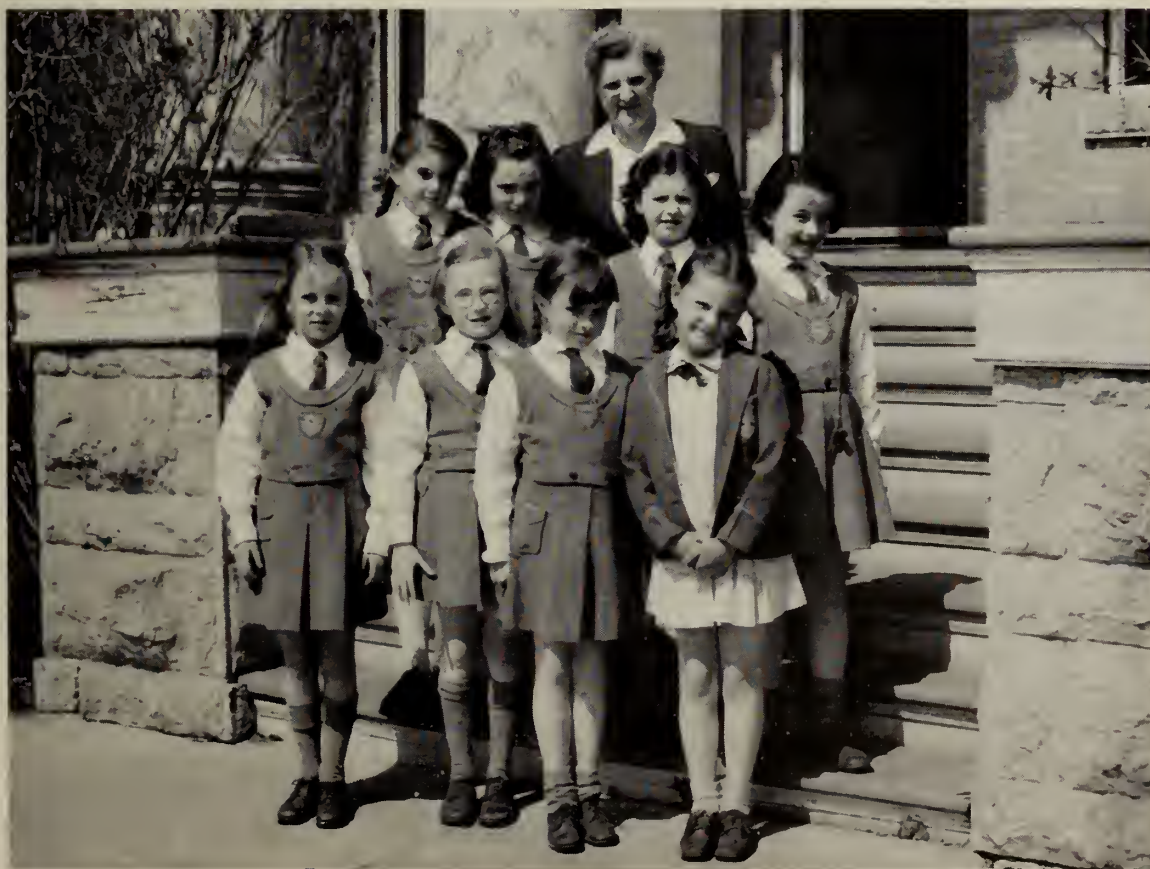
Conclusion: We conclude that we're a lively lot.



GRADES FIVE AND SIX

BACK ROW: *Diane Redford, Anne Jenkins, Daphne Burns, Mrs. R. Low, Betty-Mae Ormiston, Barbara Young, Lois Marshall, Jane Park.*

FRONT ROW: *Annie-Lou Ormiston, Arleigh Hutchinson, Lois MacDonald, Patsy Sigurdson, Dulcie Anne Thomson, Gail Macdonald, Dinae Calder, Susanne Chester, Valeria Head.*



GRADES THREE AND FOUR

BACK ROW: *Gay Youngson, Eve Riley, Miss E. Burns, Elizabeth Hamilton, Nora Ann Richards.*

FRONT ROW: *Mavis Gossling, Judith Spence, Audrey Stubbs, Margaret McMurray.*



GRADES ONE AND TWO

BACK ROW: Tom Talbot, Patsy Smith, Mrs. H. Little, Colleen Moore, Stephen Conway.

FRONT ROW: Gail Weatherby, Joan Bathgate, Nancy Bathgate, Gayle McLean Elizabeth Walton.

KINDERGARTEN MORNING SCHEDULE

- 9.15- 9.45—Self-directed help by removal of outdoor clothing.
- 9.20- 9.50—Self-occupational play with:
- (a) Educational Toys;
 - (b) Building Blocks;
 - (c) Puzzle Games (Pictures, Alphabet, Numbers);
 - (d) Dolls Centre;
 - (e) Library Books (Educational).
- 9.50-10.00—Replacement of toys and materials.
- 10.00-10.20—Gym, Rhythmics and Games (outdoors if possible).
- 10.20-10.30—Rest.
- 10.30-10.45—Toilet and Luncheon Routine.
- 10.45-11.15—Organized Large Group:
- (a) Assembly;
 - (b) Conversation—insist on one person speaking at a time by turns. News. Interests—hobbies or pets. French.
 - (c) Prayers—Hymns—Bible Verses.
 - (d) Songs, Gramophone (for listening music appreciation), Dramatic and Rhythmic Plays.
 - (e) Discussion:
 - a. Health, Safety, Cleanliness, etc.
 - b. Sensory Training Games.
- 11.15-11.40—Handwork (small directed groups):
- a. Painting
 - b. Drawing
 - c. Projects
- 11.40-11.50—Organized Story:
- a. Picture Reading
 - b. Selected Stories
 - c. Factual Discussion
 - d. Puzzle Books, etc.
- 11.50-12.00—Dismissal—Cloakroom Routine.
- 12.00-12.15—Outdoor Free Play.

KINDERGARTEN



K is for the Kiddies who arrive after nine each day,

I is for the Information gained while at work or play.

N is for the Noise that disturbs them not at all,

D is for the Drawings that absorb and enthrall.

E is for the Educational toys that aid precision,

R is for the picture Reading and Right to make a decision.

G is for the Growth stimulated by regulated muscle exercise and games,

A is for the Amusements that each day are the same.

R is for the Religious verses that teach kindness, friendship, and love,

T is for the Thoughts that can be formed and directed by those above.

E is for the Exercises of music which are made into tunes,

N is for Noon that for me can never arrive too soon.

The kindergarten day is not all play as it might seem,

In fact it is made up of definite numerous routines. The cloakroom procedure is the first endured, Because self-directed block, game, puzzle play is assured.

Replacement of toys and materials soon restore order,

Leaving the room tidy for a start tomorrow.

Organized group conversation and news,

Bring out some very interesting views.

Prayers, hymns and music soon follow,

Making the children receptive and mellow.

The programme that follows will show

Just what the young children to develop must know.



Then there is Joan who from Port Arthur hails.
At acrobats, she never fails,
Violin ballet and still keeps sweet.
When does this girl eat and sleep.

Now this is Norma, the best of us all,
Loves Chen Yu lipstick and is considered tall.
Is a good sport and liked by all.
This is Norma Gray.

Phil and her theme songs, oh so many.
But a certain Jerry's seem to be better than any.
Her ambition to be a nurse is strong
And we know that she'll get there before long.
This is Phyllis Huston.

Babs is a cheerful girl,
Always happy in a whirl.
Playing the piano is her delight,
In this she indulges day and night (joke)
This is Barbara Champ.

Here's a girl who is very fair,
Brown of eyes and blonde of hair.
We all envy her marks in school,
Always happy is her rule.
This is Peggy Dolmage.

Diane, who in the Blue Room keeps
The noisier girls quiet when they speak.
Long black braids are what she possesses
And in her life, she'll have many successes.
This is Diane Redford.

Full of life and vigour is Anne,
And seems to make as much noise as she can
But outside of this, it may be said by all
That Anne Campbell is the best of us all.

Janie Park, our red-headed lass,
Is known in school for topping her class.
At skipping and playing, her time does pass.
That's all for our little lass.

Then there is Rilla
With that figure so neat
With personality plus,
We would like you to meet
Rilla Reid.

Then we have Amy, an average girl,
At cart-wheels, she does take her whirl.
Her favorite pastime is knit plain and purl
This is Amy Campbell.

Also there is Barbara whose nightly chore,
We hope is to clean out her dresser drawers.
Her legs are all to us an envy
And when the breakfast bell rings, she's in a frenzy
This is Barbara Lennox.

Dorothy, and this we hate to tell,
Is the only one in boarding who doesn't yell.
We all think that she is swell
And would make a perfect pal.
This is Dorothy Jackson.

Carolyn sits quiet all the day
And never has very much to say.
Of Peter Lamford, she is a great fan,
And considers him quite her dream man.
This is Carolyn Elliott.

» » Teachers' Autographs « «



Mrs. Sadler: What are one's last teeth called?

Rilla: False teeth.

* * *

Joanie: Did my clock stop when it hit the floor?

Mary Mac: Sure! Did you expect it to go right on through!

* * *

Didi: I spent last year in a pretty city in Switzerland.

Maxine: Berne?

Didi: Oh no! I nearly froze.

* * *

Marilyn: Aren't you going to stay out and play?

Rilla: No, I have to go home and help mother with my homework.

* * *

B. J.: I once caught a fish that was three yards long. I never saw such a fish.

Perk: And I believe you.

* * *

Miss Martin: What is a polygon?

Jean K.: A dead parrot.

* * *

Cara Joy: Does water ever stop running down hill?

Donna P.: Yes, when it reaches the bottom.

* * *

George: Do you know the difference between walking and a taxi?

Grace: No.

George: Swell, we'll walk.

* * *

Liz-Ann: Did you know that a scientist discovered that singing made the blood warm?

Mr. Bancroft: I believe that your singing would make anyone's blood boil.

* * *

Lois: When does it seem that a chair dislikes you?

June: When it can't bear you.

* * *

Marion: What is the difference between a hill and a pill?

Phyllis: A hill is hard to get up and a pill is hard to get down.

Miss Baker: Where is Washington?

Eileen: He's dead. Been dead for quite a while.

Miss Baker: No, I mean the capital of the United States.

Eileen: Oh, that went for Lend Lease.

* * *

Mrs. Reid pinching Stephen's knee: And who has nice dimpled pink legs?

Stephen: Betty Grable.

* * *

Phyllis H.: I'm like Napoleon.

Barbara: Why?

Phyllis: I went down in history.

* * *

Mrs. Lowe: How much water goes over Niagara Falls to the quart?

Dulcie Ann: Two pints.

* * *

Clem: When you throw a stone in the river what does it come out to be?

Cecily Ann: Wet.

* * *

Miss Burns: What is the difference between a cat and a match?

Mona: A cat lights on its feet and a match on its head.

* * *

Mary McK.: When is a door not a door?

Marjorie L.: When its ajar.

* * *

Ann: When Margaret McM. gets her stockings on inside out, what does Mrs. Munroe want to do?

Amy: Turn the hose on her.

* * *

Marion A.: What do you mean by telling everyone, I'm deaf and dumb.

Shirley D.: I never said you were deaf.

* * *

Riverbend Chant

We spend our dough on beauty aids

We heed the latest fads;

Now, where are all those handsome males

They promised in those ads?

AROUND
THE
BEND



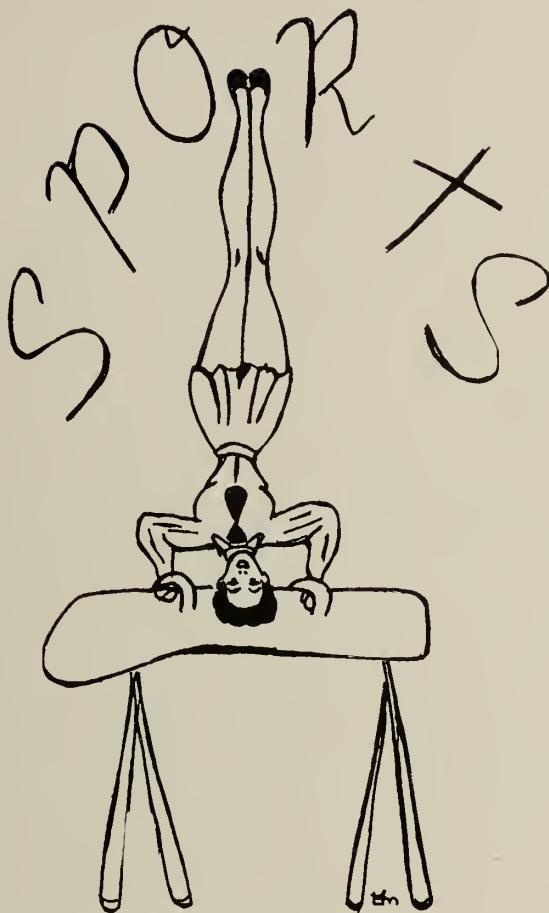
THE WEAR-WELL
GIRL.





A DAY AT RIVERBEND

*Hi, kids!**Knowledge is power.**"Can't help singing."**Junior League!**Dandelion chains in spring.**Service!*



"We stand for the right,
We fight a good fight."

In any well rounded school programme Physical Education must occupy a very definite place. Riverbend, which never lags behind in any respect, has steadily maintained an active and interesting sport's programme.

A marked and commendable feature this year was the hearty co-operation afforded by the entire school. The girls entered whole heartedly into basketball, volleyball, bowling, tennis, badminton, baseball, gymnastics, swimming, and horseback riding.

The school was very proud of the spirit of true sportsmanship displayed by the teams at all times, whether losing or winning, thus proving the fact that sports have played a valuable part in the education of the girls at Riverbend.

It has been greatly to our advantage to have the privilege of holding practices on the regulation size courts for basketball and volleyball provided in our gymnasium.

Inter-school basketball was played against Rupert's Land and St. Mary's. The Junior and Second Senior teams made a great showing. Each losing but one game in the series. The interchange between schools was beneficial and most enjoyable.

Inter-house games were arranged in volleyball, and bowling, Garry winning the cup for the former, and Douglas for the latter. The house awards for

badminton, tennis, and basketball have not yet been decided.

Much enthusiasm greeted the performance given at the gym display by the junior school, who had been patiently and successfully trained by Mrs. Low. As this group will supply material for future teams, we are delighted that they have been given such a thorough foundation.

No small part of the credit for the success of the year goes to our beloved Mrs. Sadler, who never spared herself, never showed partiality and was always an example of all that sports should mean in the life of a school.

MARJORY-LYNN McINTYRE,
Sports Captain.

BADMINTON

There was great interest taken in badminton this year especially with some of the new girls who had never played this exciting game before. Two girls have been chosen from each house to play for the Badminton Cup which is given to the winning House each year. The girls have shown us some good competition and a lot of house spirit. These games have now been completed with Nelson House winning the coveted cup. Due to the exams and the Gym Display we were later than usual in starting the badminton.

MARGUERITE PURKESS,
Grade XII, Garry Hall.

FIELD DAY

The Field Day was held in the fall of 1945. Some of the new girls as well as the old girls of the school took part in this annual event. Everyone made an excellent showing. The co-operation and House spirit made it possible for us to have one of the best Field Day's the school has ever had.

MARG. PURKESS.
Grade XI, Garry Hall.

EVENTS**HIGH JUMP**

Grades 1 and 2 — 1st, Colleen Moore; 2nd, Stephen Conway; 3rd, Joan Bathgate.

Grades 3 and 4—1st, Judith Spence; 2nd, Eve Riley, 3rd, Nora Ann Richards and Audrey Stubbs.

Grades 5 and 6—1st, Ann Campbell; 2nd, Arleigh Hutchinson; 3rd, Daphne Burns; Ann Jenkins; Dulcie Anne Thomson.

Grades 7, 8 and 9—1st, June Baker, 2nd, Diane Johnson; 3rd, Clementine McNern.

Grades 10, 11 and 12—1st, Joan Carruthers, 2nd, Marg. Purkess; 3rd, Audrey Haverstick and Shirley Dawson.

HIGH JUMP

Grade 7, 8 and 9—1st, Lois Huggard; 2nd, Diane Johnson; 3rd, Julie Ann Harris.

Grades 10 and 11—1st, Marg. Purkess; 2nd, Frances White; 3rd, Patt McCarthy.

HOUSE RELAY

1st, Garry Hall; 2nd, York Hall; 3rd, Nelson Hall

OBSTACLE RACE

Grades 7, 8 and 9 — 1st, Douglas Hall; 2nd Garry Hall; 3rd, Garry Hall.

DASH

Grades 1 and 2—1st, Colleen Moore; 2nd, Joan Bathgate; 3rd, Stephen Conway.

Grades 3 and 4—1st, Judith Spence; 2nd, Margaret McMurray; 3rd, Audrey Stubbs.

Grades 4 and 5—1st, Ann Campbell; 2nd, Arleigh Hutchinson; 3rd, Barbara Young.

Grades 7, 8 and 9—1st, Lorna McCarthy; 2nd, Elaine McInnes; 3rd, Joy Knox.

Grades 10 and 11—1st, Shirley Frogley; 2nd, Marjory Lynn McIntyre; 3rd, Patt McCarthy.

BASEBALL THROW

Grades 10, 11 and 12—1st, Audrey Haverstick; 2nd, Shirley Dawson; 3rd, Beverly Ann Laidlaw.

THREE LEGGED RACE

Grades 3, 4, 5 and 6—1st, Dulcie Anne Thomson and Gail MacDonald; 2nd, Betty Mae Ormiston and Ann Jenkins; 3rd, Lois MacDonald and Ann Campbell.

Total number of points for the Senior Cup:

Nelson	1
Douglas	9
York	9
Garry	25

Total number of points for the Junior Cup:

York	20
Garry	25
Douglas	29
Nelson	30

BOWLING

The girls were all anxious to begin bowling again in the fall, so Mrs. Sadler arranged for alleys at the "Mall" for the term. Last year each House competed individually but this year House competition was used which proved much more exciting. Each House team consisted of five players and two substitutes. Some knew more about the game than others but throughout the term everyone showed signs of improvement. Bowling was discontinued after the Christmas holidays because of numerous spring activities, but we sincerely hope that the game will be taken up again in the fall.

VIRGINIA McMILLAN,
Nelson House, Grade 11.

THE GYMN DISPLAY

Judging from the comments of the audience we consider our Gym Display another successful accomplishment of the year 1945-46. This year we were able to have dancing again for Grades 7, 8, 9, and 10, under the instruction of Miss Joan Stirling. Mrs. Sadler instructed the senior school gymnastics, while Mrs. Low worked with the younger ones. Under their capable leadership our Gym Display ran through smoothly and quickly. Our programme was concluded with inter-house basketball games, which were quite lively and something new to our Gym Display programme.

Many thanks to Mrs. Sadler, Mrs. Low, Miss Stirling and to Nina Webb for musical accompaniment.

BASKETBALL—1945-46

This year, as in previous years, basketball rated a great deal of interest. All those on the four teams played with good sportsmanship and did their very best to win. In many cases it was just this aggressiveness which pulled the Riverbenders ahead. Although the inter-house games have not been played yet, keen interest is anticipated. The House winning this contest will receive the inter-house basketball cup in June.

We would all like to express our thanks to Mrs. Sadler, who through her able coaching led us to our many successes. We also wish to thank Mrs. Kobold Miss Faraday and again Mrs. Sadler, who gave up their valuable time to referee our games. A vote of thanks is also due to all those girls who faithfully turned up to support the team at every game. We couldn't have won without you.

DONNA STEPHENSON,
Garry Hall.



FIRST AND SECOND TEAMS

Back row, left to right: Beverly-Ann Laidlaw, June Baker, Elspeth Burris, Josephine Riley, Frances White, Marguerite Purkess, Donna Stephenson.
Front row, left to right: Virginia McMillan, Joan Carruthers, Marjory Lynn McIntyre, Marion Anderson, Shirley Frogley. Audrey Haberstick (absent from picture).

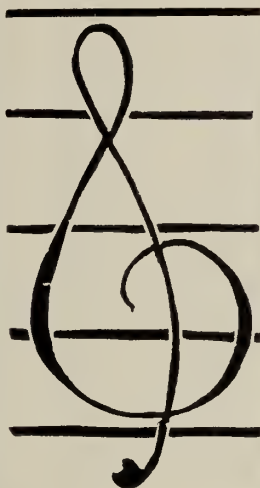


JUNIOR AND THIRD TEAMS

Back row, left to right: Lois Huggard, Donna Smale, Sheila Lawson, Shirley Dawson, Gwenyth Alsip. Middle row, left to right: Mary Mathers, Betty Moffatt, Marie McRae, Ruth Myles, Mary McIntosh, Donna Plant. Front row, left to right: Nancy Smith, Donna Young, Elaine McInnes, Lorna McCarthy, Diane Armstrong, Carolyn Dowler, Clementine McNern.



H. HUGH BANCROFT
Mus. Bac. Dunelm F.R.C.O.



**MUSIC
SECTION**



MRS. H. BANCROFT

It is with regret that Winnipeg is saying good-bye to Mr. Bancroft. Since his arrival in Canada in the fall of 1929 he has become known as the foremost organ recitalists in the Dominion through his association with the CBC, and his influence has been felt through his work as a teacher and as an advocate of English Church Music.

During the period in which he has been associated with Riverbend School he has endeavoured to

maintain a high standard of Music through the Glee Club and classes of Music Appreciation.

Mrs. Bancroft has long endeared herself to the girls and staff by her capability and her winning personality which enhanced the office, in which she worked, as secretary. She, too, through her teaching has added much to the musical tradition of the school.

PHYLLIS BEATTY,
Grade XII, Nelson Hall.

WHY STUDY MUSIC?

Young students frequently ask, "Why should I continue music study when I don't intend to become a professional musician?"

The study of music provides a very important part of one's general education. It is an excellent means of training the mind to think intelligently, and with the greatest possible concentration. It develops sensitiveness to beauty—beauty of tone, as well as beauty of form and feeling. This undoubtedly helps one to use finer discrimination in other phases of art. It especially adapts one to be an appreciative listener, which is of utmost importance to the growth of music. Then too, there is the satisfaction of knowledge attained and the pleasure of being able to interpret the masterworks for others.

Outstanding educators are agreed that music students are more likely to be good all-round students. Martin Luther apparently realized this when he said, "Whoso has skill in this art is of good temperament, fitted for all things."

Perhaps the greatest value of music study, however, is the spiritual one. Down through the ages people of all races have recognized that music is the highest medium for the expression of feeling, and for the elevation of the soul.

EILEEN ARNOLD.



EILEEN ARNOLD



MISS STUART



Saturday, March 9, was a red letter day for Riverbend, for it was that day that Miss Stuart's scholarship in music was announced publicly. This scholarship enables one to study for a year in Paris under the French Government, but it can continue for a second year if the student has proven worthy of the honour and taken advantage of it. Therefore with misty eyes shall we have to say farewell to Miss Stuart, as we know it will be two years at least before we see her again. There will be pride as well as sadness though, in our farewell, because only two scholarships were offered in Western Canada and Miss Stuart was the recipient of one. She feels that this is a golden opportunity to further her education in music by receiving new and different ideas, and at the same time feels it is an opportunity to pass on to other peoples of other countries our own Canadian ideas.

One might say that Miss Stuart and Riverbend have become almost synonymous names, for although Miss Stuart was born in Keeler, Saskatchewan, in 1922, she came to Riverbend in Grade Nine at the age of eleven to study music under Miss Clare, and has been here ever since. "Like the majority of boarders", says Miss Stuart, "my most vivid memories of my life as a pupil in Riverbend are those of constantly getting up and going to bed, and of gaining weight". Until Grade Twelve she practised her music and found time for her academic subjects, as well as teaching music to an already remarkably large group. Busy as she was, she even found time one year to carry out proficiently the duties of head girl. After she completed her Senior Matriculation, she returned to Riverbend the following autumn to continue her studies in

music and to continue teaching. As a result to-day, still boarding in Riverbend, Miss Stuart remains under the handicap of limited time, which she divides between her pupils, practising, teaching some Junior French, to say nothing of an active social life.

More than anything else, Miss Stuart claims she dislikes noise and disorder. As she is living on the third floor of the Red House, these "pet peeves" may be sympathetically understood! She takes a natural interest in her clothing and appearance, and laughed as she confessed that she insists on her lipstick matching exactly the outfit being worn. Although she proclaims a passionate love for food, her trim figure would seem to belie this fact. All in all, Miss Stuart's general appearance is far from that usually assumed by a talented musician!

In addition to her desire for silence and order, Miss Stuart's special interests, other than music of course, centre in people and reading. So many people to-day are prone to be self-centred to the point of exclusion of much interest in the rest of the world; but Miss Stuart realizes the potentialities and latent qualities of the individual and thus anticipates with pleasure the renewal of each meeting with her friends.

In order to reveal and prove her interest in reading we shall now focus our attention on a long shelf in Miss Stuart's bedroom. On this shelf her books are piled in different groups—one for psychology, one for French, one for poetry, one for light novels, etc. Being of the true artistic type she likes poetry best, and whether it be the whimsical rhymes of Ogden Nash or sonnets of Shakespeare, she derives as much pleasure from each.

My interview with Miss Stuart took place in her "cell" as she calls it; or rather in her practice-room, the name the rest of Riverbend generally attaches to this quaint room. I would certainly, first, refrain from calling it such a deplorable name as "cell" because, far from the ordinary ideas aroused by such a word, this "cell" brings to mind pictures of a lovely piano, a window slightly curtained with pale green flowered drapes made by Miss Stuart herself, a book stand teeming with music, colourful pictures on the wall and two green candles in quaint candle stick holders on either side of the top of the piano. The description of this room, however, is incomplete until mention has been made of the incense burner which serves to inspire her pupils towards a mood—sweet and fragrant.

Whether we are actual pupils of hers or not, all Riverbend has gained in musical knowledge at the expense of Miss Stuart's time and talent. Wednesday evenings during this past fall and winter, an hour was set aside for the Boarders in which we listened to records in the Drawing Room. As each record was played Miss Stuart vividly explained the background of it, or pointed out special characteristics to watch for in it. Thus, we learned to enjoy Bach and Beethoven as well as our Strauss and Gershwin.

On many mornings during "Prayers", Miss Stuart (who has long been our willing accompanist for

Prayers) played for the school. During this time we were the greedy partakers of a musical meal, as we received each course in the form of an appropriate piece each week. I think I can add with little hesitation, that our favourite was the cocktail or what Miss Stuart gets drunk on—Prokofieff's Sonata!

Never on any occasion has Miss Stuart refused to play for people. Not only in Riverbend (that is, for the Boarders, for Prayers, or in her "cell") does she play willingly and frequently; but she has given many recitals in Winnipeg and other Western cities, both on the stage and over the air. Miss Stuart's ambition obviously lies in music and her success in this field. However, this ambition, unlike that of so many talented artists, is unselfish, for she herself feels that by playing for people she may bring to them comfort, relaxation, joy, or ecstasy, and through this medium can come closer to people than is generally possible in just a verbal conversation.

It is now obvious why Riverbend was both proud and sad on that red-letter day when Miss Stuart's scholarship was announced. It is obvious too, why we are expecting so much of her . . . and why we will not be disappointed.

JOCELYN WILLIAMS,
Grade XII, York Hall.

LISTENING TO MUSIC

Some people, by reason of a natural aptitude for the subject, are avid listeners to good music. Others, as they are not especially musical, or because of an over-exposure to (so-called) music of the "swing" variety, find it difficult to listen to music of the more serious type.

One of the best means of cultivating a taste for, and learning to really appreciate good music, is by listening to gramophone records. It is only music of the lightest type that can be truly appreciated at first hearing. Although some of the music of the great masters can be enjoyed at first hearing, most of it has to be heard repeatedly to be fully appreciated. One has to know "what is coming next"! One of the chief delights when listening to a familiar work, is to know that in a few moments one of the lovely tunes that one has learned to love, is going to unfold itself. One of the things to remember on hearing a piece of music for the first time, is, that if it does not appeal to you immediately it is not necessarily the fault of the music. Listen to it again. Perhaps you will enjoy it more the second time. Some types of music (like olives) are an acquired taste.

Riverbend School is the happy possessor of a magnificent collection of records, donated by the Carnegie Foundation. Representative works of all periods, from the earliest to the present are included, constituting an epitome of the development of the art.

The students of Riverbend should consider themselves fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing regularly, selections from this collection.

H.H.B.

AU REVOIR

A fault common to all of us seems to be the one of taking our friends very much for granted. It would not be well to go on making a great fuss over them all the time, we know, but mostly we overdo in the other extreme. There are people of a quiet, reserved temperament among us who are not at all fond of any display being made over them. Among the races of the world, the Scottish are supposed to have this quality more than any other and we who know Mrs. Munroe must feel inclined to agree that she, as a representative of the Scots among us, is very typical in that respect. Through all her years of well-doing in Riverbend, it has always been difficult to express sufficient thanks to her for all her kindness and good works. She would invariably answer any voluble expression of appreciation with a laugh and a "Go on with you". But now we feel that we must say a great deal more and you, dear Mrs. Munroe, will understand that the words are only a very small part of a greater feeling which we have for you. We began by saying that there are many of our friends that we seem to take for granted, or perhaps it would be more specific to say that we take what they do for granted. When we come down to our meals at school, we are not always thoughtful of the great effort that made them possible—the planning of the menus and the difficulty that confronts one in this time of rationing and shortage, the many telephone calls for the ordering, the supervision of preparation, the accounting of the bills and so on through the endless chain that goes on through all the year. If we have seemed to take all that for granted, forgive us when we say thank you now. There are many Riverbenders scattered in different parts of the continent who will remember in past years the way that all emergency situations were met with "Go to Mrs. Munroe"—a cut knee, an ache or a pain, real or imaginary, were always given the kindest attention and the most careful treatment. There are many of us, too, who will remember with gratitude the clothes that were mended for us and the tasteful suggestions made on shopping expeditions in the choice of new things to wear. It was not only there that the absence of our mothers' assistance was filled in by Mrs. Munroe but in other innumerable ways—especially in the talks in the warm and comfortable atmosphere around her room where some piece of material was taking on a beautiful design.

For all your years spent among us we are grateful, Mrs. Munroe. Your influence here will live on although you may be away from us in the future. For that future, may we wish you all the happiness which you so richly deserve.

AN OLD RIVERBENDER

ACTIVITIES

SCHOOL CALENDER 1945-1946

SEPTEMBER 13TH—School re-opened.
 SEPTEMBER 28TH—Boarders Party.
 OCTOBER 3RD—Sports Day.
 DECEMBER 11TH—Ballet.
 DECEMBER 17TH—English Play.
 DECEMBER 20TH—Christmas Party.
 DECEMBER 21ST—Holidays begin.
 JANUARY 8TH—School opened for Easter term.
 JANUARY 21ST—Christmas Exams.
 JANUARY 28TH—Dollars for Scholars.
 FEBRUARY 15TH—Beau and Arrow Dance.
 FEBRUARY 26TH—Lux Demonstration.
 MARCH 21ST—Dr. Martin (Pictures of Australia).
 MARCH 22ND—Final Debate (Nelson vs. York).
 MARCH 25TH—Minneapolis Symphony.
 MARCH 29TH—Gym Display.
 APRIL 4TH—Major Ney's talk about World
 Co-operation.
 APRIL 5TH—Easter Exams.
 APRIL 16TH—Easter Holidays.
 APRIL 30TH—School Again.
 MAY 22ND—Old Girls Day.
 MAY 29TH—Lilac Tea.
 JUNE 9TH—Church Parade.
 JUNE 12TH—Graduation.
 JUNE 19TH—Final Exams.



MAJOR NEY'S VISIT

In April we were very fortunate to have a visit from Major Ney who, among his many travels, had recently visited our sister school, Epworth High School, at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa.

Major Ney suggested that within a few years we should be able to have an exchange of teachers and students between our sister school and Riverbend. This would eventually lead to an exchange of debating and athletic teams. For these feats new cups and prizes could be purchased, furthering enthusiasm and enlarging respective school spirits.

To further the interest to-day between the two schools there is an unlimited list for exchange of competitions in art, literature, maps, and diaries. The correspondence of individual girls could be increased but this correspondence should not originate unless the girls intend to keep it up.

Another delightful suggestion was the original idea of developing an African garden in Riverbend and a Canadian garden in Natal. Seeds and shrubs could be sent to the respective schools, thus forming a closer bond and a lasting alliance.

We must send Riverbend and Canadian literature to Epworth as Major Ney hopes to find such books there at a future visit. We, in turn, would be elated by reading Epworth and African books. It is necessary that we create such bonds as these in order to sustain an everlasting peace for the future.

We may not be the girls to go to Africa, but we are paving the way for someone else and that is what counts.

Major Ney also suggested that we could adopt a girls' school in Berlin. In this way we might win German children over and thus prevent war.

These facts illustrate what may be done, what can be done, what should be done as a part of the scheme to keep the people of the world together.

JOAN CLEGG,
Grade 12, Nelson Hall.

THE LUX DEMONSTRATION

On Friday, February twenty-second, Miss Walfray gave a lecture on the new chemically developed materials and a Lux washing demonstration.

Miss Walfray showed four new kinds of materials. They were: fibre-glass material, Kroy (an unshrinkable wool that has its name derived from "York" woollen mills), Arolac, and various nylons, two of which were velon and vinyon. Miss Walfray told how these materials were manufactured and gave an account of her tour of some of the clothes factories.

After her lecture, Miss Walfray demonstrated the proper method of glove washing, with Lux soap-flakes.

At the end of the demonstration, Miss Walfray gave out Lux washing charts and samples of Lux flakes. Then the audience saw and sampled the materials for themselves.

LOIS HUGGARD.

INTER HOUSE DEBATES

In place of our annual inter-house plays, our school has tasted delight in the novelty of debating. Not everyone individually had a chance to participate in the controversy, but each house contributed support to her house.

The first debate included York and Douglas Halls, parleying over the resolution that "There Should be a Quota Restriction on Immigration Into Canada". Jocelyn Williams and Ruth Myles of York Hall were triumphant in upholding the affirmative side over their opponents Josephine Riley and Julia Ann Harris, of Douglas Hall.

For the second in the series of three debates, Marion Bell and Shirley Dawson of Garry Hall, and Marion Anderson and Maxine Pedlar of Nelson Hall were a close match on the question that "Individual Enterprise Would be Better for a Post-War Canada than Socialism." Nelson proved successful by giving a summary of facts strengthening the place of socialism in our post-war nation.

"Resolved that all Scientific Discoveries Should be Made Available to all Countries" was the topic of the final debate. York Hall the winner of the first debate, was opposed by Nelson Hall, the winner of the second debate. The contestants representing York Hall in the concluding debate were Beverly Ann Laidlaw, and Beverley Stacey; the opponents from Nelson Hall being Phyllis Beatty and Virginia McMillan. York Hall contestants were overtaken by the opposition from Nelson Hall, the latter upholding the negative of the topic.

ELSPETH BURRIS,
Grade XI, York Hall.

GRADUATION 1945

The thirteenth of June 1945, was the sixteenth graduation day of Riverbend. The closing exercises commenced at three o'clock and were, as usual, held in Westminster Church. In the absence of Rev. Dr. Howse, Dr. McInnis gave the prayer after which Phyllis Beatty, one of the graduates, sang a solo, "The God of Love my Shepherd Is." The junior and senior Glee Clubs, under the direction of Mr. H. H. Bancroft sang beautifully. The graduates were given an inspiring address by Mrs. C. Rhodes Smith.

The best part of the programme, according to the little ones, then followed. The prizes were presented to the girls for various accomplishments and achievements during the school year.

After the service, the guests were invited to attend the garden party at the school. As the day was beautiful, the party was held on the lawn and musical entertainment was provided by a military band.

In the evening the prefects and the head girl, Jane Bull, gave a supper for the graduating class at Jane's home, before proceeding to the Graduation Dance. Thus ended another Graduation Day at Riverbend.

M.G.M.

A VISIT TO CANADA PACKERS

On February the sixth the girls of Riverbend went to St. Boniface to see Canada Packers' new Staff House. Buses were kindly supplied by the company for transportation.

On reaching the plant we were ushered into the main diningroom. The room was beautifully decorated with pictures and curtains hanging at the windows. A small piano was there also to be used for entertainment. Passing through the dining-room we entered the kitchen. There all the food is prepared for the plant workers. We were amazed at the large and complex machinery: the large ovens, the big soup boilers, and six or seven refrigerators. From the kitchen we went upstairs and saw the women's dining-room, and then to the men's dining-room. The food is brought from the kitchen downstairs to these men by means of an automatic elevator. The place was extremely tidy because it was equipped with stools which could be tipped in such a way as to enable one to sweep easily under them.

We left the Staff House to see the canning of foods. Large quantities of these canned meats are sent to England and European countries. First we watched cans just coming from a shipment sent to be washed ready for food. The cans were conveyed along a belt. Then we crossed to the other building to watch the food being put into cans, cooked, packed and taken out to the trains. On the first floor the cans were being sealed and packed into boxes. This was all done by machinery. From that room the food was either stored or shipped. The second floor was used for washing the cans, putting the food in them, and cooking them under pressure in huge boilers. This room was considerably noisier than the others. From there we went to a cold storage room where large shanks of meat hung from the ceiling.

We then returned to the Staff House where we saw large boxes of canned food being stored in the basement. The boxes were moved by means of a belt. Leaving the basement we returned to the dining-room where we were treated to refreshments and then we returned to the school.

JULIA ANNE HARRIS,
Grade IX, Douglas Hall.

THE LILAC TEA—1945

In the customary race between the lilacs and the tea planners last year the planners lost—there were no lilacs at all due to bad weather. However, despite this, Riverbenders held their tea indoors and all went well.

The houses each secured a corner of the dining room and the girls displayed a grand degree of originality in decorating lively and colourful tables. Everyone took part in making the tea a success. The proceeds went to the United Church Fresh Air Camp Fund to give many unfortunate children a well deserved holiday.

Riverbend thanks her many friends for their support and sincerely hopes to see them again this year.

JUNE BAKER, Nelson Hall.

DR. W. G. MARTIN'S TALK AND MOVIES

One of the highlights of the school year was a visit from Dr. Martin of Grace United Church who has recently returned from an extended stay in Australia. Dr. Martin is well known in Winnipeg for his descriptive talks, and beautiful moving pictures. In less than an hour he gave us a rapid picture of the country, people and the many strange, interesting things he saw while he was there.

We in Canada feel much more closely bound to "our cousins down under" because of a friendly relationship established between us by the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme which brought so many fine young Australians to Canada during the war years. We were particularly interested, therefore, in seeing and learning of their native land.

Dr. Martin showed us pictures of Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra and other places. The views of the seacoast, beaches and the sea itself were fascinating. We were thrilled with the strange fish and the skill of the native fishermen in catching them. We saw something of the country's vast sheep raising industry. A large part of the film stressed the intensity of Australia's natural beauty. In season the vividly colored blossoms of the Jacaranda trees lined the boulevards of Australia's capital city, Canberra.

We renewed acquaintance with Sir William Glasgow who for many years was Australia's High Commissioner to Canada. We saw pictures of his home in the country, his large collection of dogs and his large sheep ranch.

From this well spent hour we gained a better knowledge of our cousins in Australia. We appreciate Dr. Martin's interest in bringing these pictures to us and hope that he will visit us again soon.

BEVERLY-ANN LAIDLAW,
Grade X, York House.

DOLLARS FOR SCHOLARS

At 7.30 p.m., on Monday, January 28th, at CKRC, our team represented Riverbend on "Dollars for Scholars". The team consisted of Julia Harris, captain, supported by June Baker, Lorna McCarthy and Donna Smale, all of Grade IX.

The opposing team was composed of four boys from Grade X class of St. Paul's College. The final score was 70-60 for St. Paul's who stayed on the program for seven weeks.

Even though they did not win, the girls made a very good showing. Everyone was nervous but Lorna took the prize for it, according to the announcer anyway.

The radio station gave fifty complimentary tickets to the school at which the boarders had first chance. All of the girls who were unable to get tickets listened at home beside the radio. We would also like to thank Miss Martin who chose and helped the team and who made the necessary arrangements. The winning team members received \$2.00 apiece while our girls brought home \$1.00 each as consolation prizes.

DANNA SMALE,
Grade IX, Garry Hall.

THE MOVIES

In February we were very fortunate to have Mr. Butterworth and Mr. McWilliams bring films to the school and display them to the girls. Two were shown, one about flax and the other on the symphony orchestra. Not only were the films shown for enjoyment to the girls but also to give them a better knowledge of one of Canada's leading grains, flax and also of the composition and work of a large symphony orchestra. Each girl considered her time well spent. Again we would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Butterworth and Mr. McWilliams for their two very interesting films.

Grade XI, Douglas Hall.
FRANCES WHITE,

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

On December 20 the members of the Senior School were Miss Carter's guests at a Christmas party in the school gym.

Skits of interesting variety were performed by each class. The teachers, assisted by Grade XII, set off the evening with a bang! They were dressed in the school's gym uniform, and played a basketball game using a wastepaper basket as a basket. Miss Carter was referee, Mrs. Doerksen sports captain, Mr. Bancroft was also dressed in tunic, white shirt and runners, causing much hilarity.

Grade Seven presented "A Night Before Christmas" in pantomime, "Baba Ala and the Forty Fieves", otherwise Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves was presented in glorious costume by Grade Eight. Grade Nine's presentation of a ballet was particularly interesting and humorous. Grade Ten presented "Planning a Skit". It was original, humorous, and well acted, never lacking in continuity. Grade 11 portrayed the teachers and really made a good job of it. The scene took place at the corner of Portage and Main. Curiously enough all the teachers appeared, even our faithful Alex was there.

Refreshments and dancing followed the presentation of skits, completing a very enjoyable evening.

CLEMENTINE McNERN,
Grade VII, York Hall.

Miss Shepley, one day was giving the Grade IX's a temperance lesson. On the desk were two glasses, one filled with water and one with alcohol. In her hand she held a live active worm. Dipping the worm into the glass of water had no effect on the slimy thing, but in the glass of alcohol, it dried up and died.

"Now Carolyn, said Miss Shepley, what lesson do we get from this experiment?"

"Well," said Carolyn, "I don't exactly know, but I think that if you drink alcohol, you won't have worms."



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THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

On the evening of December 17th, 1945, Riverbend presented "The Christmas Carol" to a fairly large audience.

There was a great deal of turmoil behind the scenes before the opening of the play, as every one was scurrying around to be made up by the experts, and to be dressed in time.

The curtain went up on time, at eight o'clock, with everyone eager to do their part as best they could.

Grades 7, 8, and 9 sang different carols for the first half of the play and grades 10 and 11 sang for the rest.

The part of Scrooge which demanded a great deal of work was played by Marion Anderson. Marion Bell represented Bob Cratchit and Stephen Conway, one of our few males, was received warmly by the audience in his little role of Tiny Tim.

A photographer from the Harold White Studio took pictures of the various scenes. The play lasted approximately two hours and we sincerely hope the audience enjoyed their evening.

JOAN ROBERTS,
Grade IX, Douglas Hall.

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RIVERBEND »



1945-1946



THE BEAU AND ARROW



On February 15, the Riverbend Alumnae presented their annual Co-ed, appropriately named the Beau and Arrow dance.

The dance commenced at nine-thirty to the fascinating music of Charlie Cruickshank and his orchestra. As the younger generation flocked to the gala affair, laughter could be heard issuing from the corridors. All couples went through the reception line, which consisted of Miss Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Huggard, Mr. and Mrs. Turner and Mr. and Mrs. Megaw.

The girls looked beautiful in their long gaily

colored formals, whilst every once in a while a boy attired in tuxedo could be seen dancing in and out of the crowd.

There were games, such as darts and bingo, provided for further entertainment. Cokes were served for refreshments, although coke parties had been held beforehand.

At the "wee small" hour of one, the crowd feeling the need of a snack, dispersed to various homes and restaurants, putting the finishing touches to a very successful evening.

DIDI RICHARD.





OUR LIBRARY

Since its enlargement last summer, our library has become a delightful place in which to spend free time. The former Grades 1 and 2 classroom has been converted into a pleasant reading room, furnished with deep comfortable chairs upholstered in red, blue or cream leather, which invite us to spend our time reading the fiction which is kept in this section of the library. For those who wish to write or study, small writing tables are located about the room. Fluorescent lighting makes working here a pleasure at all times.

The other room, which was hitherto the entire library, has been brightened by the addition of red leather arm chairs and wine coloured drapes which frame the beautiful view of the river's "bend". Here too, the most modern of fluorescent lighting banishes all shadows.

Our library has increased not only in size, but in the number of books which it contains. Many friends of the school donated interesting books in response to a "library drive". These new additions will be catalogued and on the shelves ready for use in the fall term.



RIVERBEND SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Girls of Epworth:

This is just a short note to tell you that we at Riverbend are thinking of you. Major Ney has told us many interesting details of your beautiful school, which seem to bind us even more closely to you at Epworth.

Would it not be a constructive undertaking to exchange articles for our school magazines next year?

In the near future written words may not be the sole means of communication between us: we shall hope not.

Your Canadian Schoolmates of Riverbend.

WHAT LAST YEAR'S GRADS ARE DOING

BETTY LOU ALLEN	University of Manitoba (Arts)
MURYN ANDERSON	Grade 12, United College
SHIRLEY BARTON	United College (Languages)
PHYLLIS BEATTY	Grade 12, Riverbend
MARION BELL	Grade 12, Riverbend
JANE BULL	University of Manitoba (Arts)
JOAN CLEGG	Grade 12, Riverbend
EVELYN DUNFEE	University of Manitoba (Arts)
HELEN DUNFEE	University of Toronto (Nursing)
EILEEN ELLIOTT	Grade 12, Riverbend
KAY FINDLAY	University of Manitoba (Home Economics)
BEVERLY FROST	University of Manitoba (Home Economics)
GAIL GRAHAM	University of Manitoba (Arts)
ANNE GUTHRIE	University of Manitoba (Arts)
VIRGINIA HASTINGS	Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School (Montreal)
AUDREY HAVERSTICK	Grade 12, Riverbend
CATHERINE IRVINE	Teaching Kindergarten at Pine Falls
NORMA JAMEISON	Grade 12, United College
MARY ELIZABETH JUDD	Business College
EILEEN KINNEARD	Returned to England from the Fiji Islands
ROSEMARY LEEDER	Grade 12, Gordon Bell
LORRAINE McILVEEN	Nursing (Children's Hospital)
JOAN NEWTON	Grade 12, United College
MARIE McCRIMMON	University of Manitoba (Arts)
NORA McLEOD	University of Manitoba (Arts)
SHIRLEY POPHAM	Grade 12, United College
JACKIE PORTEOUS	University of Manitoba (Home Economics)
GRACE RICH	Grade 12, Riverbend
MARIANNE SAUNDERS	United College
ISABEL SLATER	Grade 12, United College
MARILYN SMITH	Grade 12, United College
SHIRLEY SWAIL	University of Manitoba (Arts)
LOIS WARRINGTON	University of Manitoba (Home Economics)
JOCELYN WILLIAMS	Grade 12, Riverbend
JOCELYN YOUNG	University of Manitoba (Arts)

LITERARY



A GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGURE

People the world over came to realize during the war as they never had before, what a fine and loving character they had in Queen Elizabeth. To the women of England especially, she became during the tragic years a living symbol of goodness and kindness.

Born Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon, on August 4, 1900, she was the ninth child of the Earl of Strathmore of Glamis Castle. Although many people think of her as purely Scottish, she had an English mother and was born in Hertfordshire, Eng., where the greater part of her childhood was spent. From the time she was a tiny child, Elizabeth possessed a power of putting people at their ease. Her sweetness endeared her to everyone and many stories are told of how she entertained guests. Her constant companion was her younger brother David. One can imagine the happy times the two children enjoyed romping through the woods surrounding their home. It was in these woods that Elizabeth liked to fancy she was a fairy princess, little knowing that her own daughter was to be called Princess Elizabeth.

It was at a birthday party that little Princess Bowes-Lyon first met Prince Albert, who later became her husband. When he first noticed her, Elizabeth's face was smeared with chocolate cake to the extent that she was unable to speak.

As she grew older Elizabeth's character and personality grew until her smile was known and commented on for miles around. Veterans of the war 1914-18 remember the happy laughing face that was so familiar in the wards at Glamis Castle. They remember her many acts of kindness, the letters that were written, the telegrams that were sent home, and the hours in which she patiently played cards with them.

All her childhood away from the public eye was a magnificent training for a future queen. It was a happy childhood, although not free from sorrow, for her own brother Fergus was killed during the war 1914-18.

It was during the post-war period that London society began wondering about the beautiful smiling girl who loved to dance. Friends longed to be near her, for she radiated happiness. Before long Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was noticed with Prince Albert, and romance was in the making.

After marriage, life changed for the quiet loving girl. Responsibilities were recognized everywhere and she carried her burdens in a willing smiling manner. She loved children, and nursery schools throughout the country became accustomed to enjoying a visit from the lovely young duchess. She was close to the people and it was a familiar sight to see the Duchess of York visiting hospitals and schools in the slum districts, where previously no member of the Royal family would ever be taken.

She has been a constant wife and help-mate of her husband, always helping him through situations

which he found difficult. First of all she has been a wife and mother. Her children were brought up as far from the public eye as was possible under the circumstances.

Today she is Queen of England, bearing responsibilities and burdens which many of us never realize. Everything she does, wears or says is watched. She must always be an example, say what is correct, do what she is told. Hardships were hers during the war, for not only were her children sent away, her home bombed, but in addition she visited the homeless and bereaved, constantly making others happy, and never complaining. Many of us will never forget the story of the man who climbed a lamp-post when a crowd of cockneys surrounded her. "It was worth it," he said, "just to see the Queen smile."

Danger meant nothing to Queen Elizabeth. Where the people suffered she went. Many times she barely escaped being bombed, and her lovely face was frequently seen in bomb shelters with other Londoners. She managed to get along on the same ration points as every other Englishman. It was difficult too, because she walked so much that the soles of her shoes suffered. Many of her clothes were made over and fixed up in order that she might wear them another season. She had to struggle with food problems, as every other wife and get along with as little heat as possible.

Truly Queen Elizabeth of England is a great international figure, and one that is very near the hearts of all her subjects. She has endeared herself to everyone through her magnificent smile and loving personality.

PHYLLIS BEATTY,
Grade XII, Nelson Hall

MY PUPPY

*My puppy came to our house,
Nine months and more ago
He's a sturdy little fellow;
And wears a big red bow.*

*I call my puppy Tricky,
For he knows a lot of tricks—
He can walk "right smart" on his hind legs;
And jump over a pile of bricks.*

*Tricky is very careful,
When he wants to cross the street;
And he wears the best of clothing
In case the king he meet.*

*He's a very playful fellow,
And is the darling of the street.
All the children love him
As he clamours at their feet.*

CECILY ANN GUNN,
Grade VII, Garry Hall.

"TAPPING HEELS"

An attractive young woman swung through the revolving doors of a hotel into the dark of night. The streets were silent and deserted which was not unusual at three in the morning.

She paused momentarily on the area of the sidewalk in front of the building where the cheery light of the lobby rested and then turning, began to walk down the street. For several yards the hotel light guided her but soon it became distant and finally faded altogether. The steady rhythmic click of her heels on the sidewalk was pleasant and the beat signified that she was in no hurry to reach her destination.

Down one street after another she made her way, glancing neither to the right nor left of her. She seemed to be absorbed in deep thought, so absorbed that she was not conscious of a lean form several yards down the street from her.

The figure kept at a calculated distance, his hat pulled down over his eyes, his hands in his coat pockets. He moved stealthily in pace with the form ahead, the sound of his heels on the sidewalk made a dull thudding which was drowned out by the monotonous tap, tapping of the woman's heels not far ahead of him.

The woman walked abjectly as if guided by familiar instinct alone, staring abstractedly into space, a vacant expression in her eyes.

The soothing sound of heels that had sent her dreaming finally brought her back to realization again. She stopped suddenly under a lamp post and glanced at her watch. It read 3:45. With a little exclamation of surprise she quickened her pace. Almost at the same instant the figure behind quickened his speed. His eyes never strayed from her back.

Without realizing why she became uneasy. She felt frightened for no particular reason. She had the feeling she was being followed, that eyes were watching her. In her mind she tried to tell herself she was being silly, to look around and make sure, yet she could not force herself to do so.

Involuntarily she began to walk faster, her ears strained for the sound of footsteps she could not as yet hear. Then suddenly she heard them, she heard the steady thud of steps in time with her own. Her heart beat furiously, chills of fear raced through her.

With one surge of bravery she turned almost to face her pursuer. With a strangled sob she began to run, glancing fearfully over her shoulder constantly. In her fright she did not see the curbstone until it was before her. With a cry of horror she tripped and fell, sobbing, on the road! . . .

"Randy! Randy!, time for bed."

"But mom, I have to finish this story. It's terrific about a girl . . .!"

"I don't care what it's about. Young boys like you shouldn't read trash like that."

"But mom, it's a Super Thriller and it's perfectly 'log-uh-log.'"

"The word is 'logical' and that has nothing whatsoever to do with it. March upstairs this minute young man, or you'll get something you're not looking for."

"But mom . . .".

"You heard me—to bed."

"Aw, gee, mothers never understand."

JUNE BAKER,
Grade IX, Nelson Hall.

MY FIRST YEAR AT RIVERBEND

When Dad left me at the gate,
To go home again I couldn't wait.
I thought it was so dead and quiet,
Little did I know of the lights-out riot.

On entering my bedroom,
I was greeted by June,
I was so frightened
I thought I would swoon.

She yelled at me,
"What is your name?"
When I answered, she said,
"Well, you're not to blame."

And Norma she screamed:
"How old are you?"
I knew right then
I couldn't be blue.

Carol and Joan were new also,
About rules and things we didn't know.
We were doing that instead of this,
The rising bell we'd always miss.

It really is a lot of fun,
But we are always on the run.
In the morning it's one mad rush
People dashing with towel and brush.

Our medicine cabinet is a mess,
You open the door—and ruin your dress,
McGee's closet is what it is christened,
When first it was opened, we stood and listened.

The parties after "lights-out"—wow!
You ought to see the mixture of chow,
Cookies, cokes, olives and ice creams,
Is it any wonder we have such dreams.

All in all,
It's not so tough,
Guess I'll close,
You've had enough!

PHYLLIS LAMB,
Grade IX, York Hall.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SATAN IN HELL

My orders were to get an interview with Satan! But how could I do that? For days I thought of it, living in fear of the moment when I should return with nothing to show and hear my boss say . . . "You're Fired." But he could not do that. I am just a poor man working for my living. Why should I be the one to get this terrible assignment? Nevertheless, it had to be done. My appointment was that night, so with pencil and notebook, I started on my way.

The first stop was a gambling house, "the devil's den" brightly decorated with neon lights and with red revolving doors. Upon entering I was instructed to get into the first elevator and go down.

The latter was operated by a little red gremlin, with green eyes and a yellow tail, who talked in Chinese with a Russian accent. He said I was lucky to get this interview, that many had tried but it took a great many years to obtain the honor.

Having said his little speech he slid back the door and shoved me out, then quickly rose high out of my sight. Well, there I was alone, afraid and wholly terrified, for coming toward me was the devil himself!

He stood about six feet high and was dressed in crimson. His eyes were bright red light bulbs and his hands were scaly and huge. His feet were enormous and when he smiled his teeth shook and rattled. A most amazing character.

Immediately he welcomed me, and brought over two chairs, where we sat and discussed his "better days".

This was my first chance to observe my surroundings. Everything was in red, his favorite colour. This gave the room a very warm atmosphere.

He lit a candle in the mouth of an old vodka bottle, first pouring me and himself a drink of red cherry soda pop. It was delicious and created a warm glow in keeping with my surroundings. Now for the interview.

"Well," he said, "I was a very odd child. Something went wrong the day I was born, for everything I did was the exact opposite to what it should have been. When I was a child I took a great delight in setting things on fire and soon became a crackshot with mud-balls or stones.

I never went to school, that was against my better principles. I used to hit the truant officers over the head and drop them down a man-hole. I got rid of a lot of people that way.

Finally, when I became older, I was a great gambler. Of course I never actually did the betting. I'd just stand behind one of my prospective clients and whisper in his ear what to do. I had a regular business. Although people never asked for my advice, I'd give it to them—free! And what pleased me is that most of them did what I said. Oh yes, but people are smart!

Haven't you ever heard them say "Get behind me Satan?" Of course you have, for after all how can they do anything with me standing in front of them."

With this concluding statement he butted his cigar on one of his horns, and inquired if there was anything I would like.

"Perhaps you would like to stay here a few years?" he asked. "It's very comfortable, and the heating system is exceptional! I'm sure you would be very happy."

I replied that all that was quite true, but explained that I had to be going, so he rang for the elevator.

Soon I was on my way up—oh how happy I would be to see the light again. I folded my notebook and put it in my pocket. Won't the boss be surprised? I thought.

Then suddenly something went wrong with the elevator! It was falling! falling! falling! "I'm not going up—I'm going down—back there to the devil", I screamed—Help!—then crash!

"Say, what are you yelling about?" From inside me came this voice, and I dared not open my eyes expecting to see Mr. Satan himself. But what a surprise! I was on the floor of the office—beside me was my boss, whose voice had brought me back to reality. On the floor lay the book I had been reading before falling asleep—D. C. Moaris—"I've Met the Devil."

RUTH MYLES,
Grade X, York Hall

THE ADVENTURES OF A TEN CENT PIECE

I am a ten cent piece! You would hardly know me now, hiding in the chicken nest. I will tell you my story.

I lived in dark ground many years until one day, long ago now, some men cracked me out of the rock and took me up out of a mine. Then I saw myself in the light! Dirty, lumpy and unhappy me! Well I was taken to the factory and inspected by pretty girls, melted, washed, shaken, and given other nasty treatments until I was finally made into a bar of shiny metal. Then I was sent to the "Mint".

The next thing I knew I was a nineteen forty-five dime. I was proud of myself, I was worth much, and I was small, round and shiny. Then I was taken to a bank with other dimes and soon I was paid out to a little old lady. She abused me by hiding me in her purse, not showing me, as a shiny new ten cent piece, to the world. It served her right, for that night I was stolen! It was exciting, except that the robber called me "chicken feed." How right he was, though he did not know it!

Finally I got to this farm in payment for a bag of peas. I was kept in a pot in the cupboard. One day I was given to the little girl who took me out when she fed the chickens. She did a hand-stand, of all the silly things, and I rolled out of her pocket. Though she searched very hard I evaded her. Haw, haw!

I sparkled on the ground and soon a chicken saw me. Horrors! he swallowed me. So here I am sitting in a nest as I told you: sitting in a nest inside a foolish bird.

CARA JOY HUGHES, Grade VIII.

THE FIRST SIGN OF SPRING

Along about the first of March a bright day comes, after a long gray winter. Little by little, hardly noticeable to the casual passer by, the snow is escaping from our view, until all at once we realize the snow has gone. Little shoots of green grass awake shyly on the lawns, the country roads, and the deep forest. A downy crocus can be found beside a rail fence, or a bold butter-cup can be seen lifting its bright face to the morning sun.

Little rivulets come chasing down a clay river bank, landing in the stronger current with a tinkling splash. Floating ice has broken up and is pushing its way down stream carrying a queer cargo of branches and logs. Long drooping willows reaching almost to the water's edge, as if to catch at the choppy ice, begin to form little furry buds on their branches. Sprays of lovely grey pussy-willows burst into bloom, long ringlets of grey enchantment. Soon these lovely fleecy things drop off like a lady dropping her dainty handkerchief.

The harsh-voiced crow comes flapping back from the south, a very welcome sight. Following him come the red-breasted robins, the gay meadow-larks, and the Canadian goose. In the woods, treading softly the big-eyed rabbits, followed by a colony of little ones, have coats of brown, so recently a snowy white.

Then at the end of the day comes a hush, a breath-taking stillness, all things that have been so alive all day, seem to settle down as if waiting for one last thing. A little gust of wind, then, the first pattering of tiny raindrops on the roof telling us; Spring has come.

RILLA REID,
Grade VIII, Garry Hall.

Owning a dog has its disadvantages. A puppy is cute, yes, but remember those first few nights when you took it away from its mother? Peaceful? I hardly think so. After the first two hours of its sorrowful wail, one either sits up in bed and howls too, or takes the dog back then and there. Those of strong will "stick it out and keep the little darling." After a week or two the puppy will become accustomed to the idea of sleeping alone. Fine! But now there is the task of house-breaking him. The fun begins. A sharp slap and then throwing him out of the nearest door will do, or you might take time off to follow him around with a rag or better still, everytime he moves, put a piece of paper under him. Later, after he grows older, he will either chase cars or frighten people (especially older people with weak hearts) by chasing them for about half a block with every intention of biting them if they cease to run. By this time, if the dog has not been killed or you have not been sued for owning the "little dear" you will probably be quite attached to him but all in all there are a few disadvantages in owning a dog.

MARIE-GENE SWINDELL,
Grade X, Douglas Hall.

A DOG NAMED CHIPS

Once there was a little dog who lived in a pet shop. His name was Chips. Chips was a white dog with brown spots. He loved it in the pet shop. He could go around and look at all the other strange animals. The owner of the pet shop was Mr. Barker. One day Mr. Barker told Chips that he would have to find a master. Chips thought this would be fine. Then Mr. Barker put Chips in a cage of his own in the window. Sometimes people would look in the window at him, but after they would soon go away.

One day a man came and looked in the window at Chips and Chips went through his favorite trick. His back legs went faster than his front legs and he went over in a somersault. The man who was looking in the window had kind eyes and Chips called him "The Man with the Kind Eyes."

Soon he too, went away. Chips hoped he would come back soon and take him away to his home. After a while Mr. Barker let Chips out into the back yard to play. When he looked toward the gate he found that it was open. He walked through it onto the street. "Maybe I can find a master here," he thought. He walked a long way before he came to anything. Finally he came to a pretty garden. "Maybe I might find a master here," he thought once more, and started to play in the garden. When he looked up he saw a tall lady who waved her handkerchief and said, "Scat you, you spoiled my garden". Chips ran as fast as his legs would carry him. When he stopped he heard a low rumbling sound, so he hid under a hollyhock leaf. When he looked up he saw four wheels, then he noticed that it was a truck. He stayed there a long time when suddenly he noticed a little boy walking down the street and bouncing a ball. He was wishing that he had a dog. Just then Chips popped out and looked at him as if to say "Here I am". The little boy said that he would go home and tell his mother and he told Chips to stay right where he was.

Just after the boy had left, the grocer boy went by and picked Chips up. He told him that he was far away from home.

When Chips got back he was put in the yard and the grocer boy made sure to shut the gate. Chips was so tired that he fell off to sleep as soon as he lay down.

When he woke up he heard a low mumbling. He looked up and saw "The Man with the Kind Eyes" and beside him was the little boy.

"Is this the one you mean, David?" asked the man.

"Yes Dad, that is the one", answered David. Then David clutched Chips in his arms and said "You are my dog now. What wonderful times we are going to have together."

GAIL MACDONALD,
Grade V, York Hall.

EAVESDROPPING

Eavesdropping itself is considered very impolite and yet is commonly done. Most everyone has attempted it and often it proves to be an enjoyable pastime.

One has to acquire a certain technique in order to be a good eavesdropper. In some cases, stealthiness, speed and alertness are the three most important points of such an art. One should also have a good sense of hearing, so as to detect all sounds. If not, eavesdropping would prove fatal and most embarrassing.

Eavesdropping is not limited to certain groups of people but is practised from growing children to full grown people in business. As for the growing children, eavesdropping is used to no great extent and can do no harm. But as for the people in business, it can be extremely harmful. It can give you a good laugh, but can also involve you in a good deal of trouble. It is used seriously in the underground world, and has a prominent place in detective life. The spy-rings, accounts of whose work have been appearing quite frequently in the papers lately, use eavesdropping as one of the best ways of obtaining information.

Eavesdropping, in a lighter vein, is an everyday occurrence. It does not only have to be intentional and sly, but it can be quite unintentional and innocent. The most common place, I believe, for it to occur is in the street-cars and buses. You may learn the latest gossip, shocking or amusing experiences, what happened to Mrs. Jones, where to deal with the "black market", or anything that you are not expecting to hear. Of course most people shriek over the roar of the motor so it is not at all an effort to hear them. People often became engrossed in the story that they are overhearing and forget where they are, where they are going and where to get off until the end of the story, and then very likely they have passed their stop. Other good places where people often retire to catch up on the latest gossip are public lobbies and libraries. No doubt many an interesting tale has been told to the enjoyment of the nonchalant eavesdropper whose paper is held high only to hide his concerned expression and his ears, pricked up to their uttermost. In school also, I am aware, that eavesdropping is a frequent pastime—mostly for amusement of course. But it also can be used to acquire, as the pupil puts it, valuable material. One may often catch only a few words, though, then quickly put them together, add a few finishing touches, and rush off to spread the scandal around the school. Yes it has been done—and not only in schools.

So you see from what I have summed up in this essay that eavesdropping plays a large field. What one can learn merely by overhearing others is unbelievable.

VIRGINIA McMILLAN,
Grade XI, Nelson Hall.

SEQUEL TO SEVEN DWARFS AND
SNOW WHITE

The Harvest Moon peeked over the smiling mountains on the quaint village of Lollipop. He was amazed to see that the chocolate shanties had not closed their peppermint doors for the night. Everything and everyone was in a topsy turvy turmoil. All the folk of Lollipop were preparing for the christening of Snow White's twins.

Nor was it peaceful at Sherwood Forest where the humble abode of the dwarfs nestled in a leafy glade. All seven were trying to dress, clean the house and wash at the same time. Dopey had swallowed a bar of soap in the excitement and was now filling the house with bubbles. Grumpy for once completely forgetting himself, emerged in a cascade of chuckles, as Sneezzy sneezed himself right out of the house. But, within two hours of sunset all was ready and the seven dwarfs with Doc in the lead and Dopey behind, marched forth to the lilting strains of "Heigh-Ho"!

The Harvest Moon, now beaming with joviality, poked his head still higher to watch the folk of Lollipop. As twilight deepened, the radiance cast by the moon hung like glimmering gossamer around the palace. Organ music floated through the air, heavenward, as the solemn music began.

Snow White and Prince Charming gazed proudly on as the minister (Georgie Porgy) christened the babies, Snowdrop and Coalblack. Tears and laughter intermingled as Coalblack clutched Sleepy's nose, awakening him from his augmented snores (Sleepy having gone to sleep during the christening).

Enchanted Valley rang with laughter and music till the wee hours of the morning, then, one by one each crept to bed with a cherished memory and a happy heart. Prince Charming and Snow White asked the seven proud grandpas if they would come and live with them, and they did. All was serene as the years went by and Snowdrop and Coalblack grew up to be very charming children, loved by all, and a credit to their parents, and their grandparents.

DIDI RICHARD,
Grade XI, Douglas Hall

MY TOYS

When on my bed in sleep I lay,
To while the long night hours away,
My Teddy Bear is hard at play,
For night's the day for toys to play.

JUDITH SPENCE,
Grade IV, Nelson Hall

MY TREASURE

I found a treasure now, today,
My treasure is worth while,
I couldn't do without it,
My treasure is a Smile.

NORA ANNE RICHARDS,
Grade IV, Douglas Hall.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE . . ."

*The daylight of to-day quite unobserved,
Is changing now to rays of glorious rose,
As though, now parting, must reflect itself
Upon this spacious stretch, on wings of bird,
Tinting each blade of grass, each prairie herd.*

*Brightness and warmth, a blushing world is here,
A theatre of dazzling light, of joy
In all that is around; one clump of trees,
One lone farmhouse with windows rose, and near,
A grazing herd, each part of this prairie dear.*

*And now we watch the rose shade into blue,
The dazzling light dim into softer glow,
Transform the plain into a dusky haze
Bringing a longing for the old, but too,
A thrill of anticipation for the new.*

*As each awakening star tries, not in vain,
To force upon the mind, as lights on stage,
A sense of utter darkness, each star too
Impresses what nature only can attain:
The infinite silence of a prairie plain.*

*No song of daytime bird now fast asleep
Is heard, no whistle low, for long ago
The sun rolled on and took with it the wind.
Only a far-off sound comes through the deep—
The tinkle of a bell as a grazer goes to sleep.*

*This quiet, restful air, known well to win
Back to the tired heart and mind a peace,
A stillness, only as a pause before
The crickets, frogs and owls begin their din;
Thus may the play of night begin.*

H. MARION BELL,
Grade XII, Garry House.

THE MISCHIEVOUS PUPPY

*Once there was a little dog
Who was always in some mischief,
He'd chase the pigs and bark at the cows
And chewed his master's handkerchief.*

*He'd never behave when his master was out,
He would sit on the doorstep and very often pout,
When he was spanked, would he ever howl,
And in the night he would cry like an owl.*

*If a harmless little bird came to get a drink,
He would jump up high and swallow her in a wink.
I love my dog and although he is bad
He is still the best pet I ever had.*

DULCIE ANN THOMSON,
Grade V, York Hall.

A TRIP TO A SHRINE

The day we visited Saint Joseph's Shrine in Montreal was a beautiful, sunny day. o approach this Shrine, we went through a beautiful garden.

It is sometimes called Brother Andre's Shrine. Brother Andre was called "The Miracle Man of Healing", because he healed the sick people. It is a magnificent structure built into a niche carved out of the side of Mount Royal. The base of the building rests on a terrace which is four hundred feet above the street level, and is reached by a broad flight of stairs. When the pilgrims come to the Shrine, they usually gather around this majestic monument to sing hymns and to pray to St. Joseph. The pilgrims climb on their knees, saying a prayer on every step right up to the top of the mountain.

This is the finest Shrine that is standing today. When you get inside the church you see where Brother Andre is buried with other great missionaries. To the left of Brother Andre's tomb stands a myraid of crutches, casts in countless of numbers, shoes from deformed feet, some of them padded to support a short or withered leg. Ten windows of the chapel are of beautiful stained glass, done by an artist called Hoffman.

Many thousand of candles are burning which have been lighted by pilgrims. These are placed in small red glasses which glow like rubies. Beside the great Church is the old Shrine in which Brother Andre lived and worked. His bedroom is still just as he left it, a very poorly furnished room, with the old books he used lying on a card table. In this building there are so many candles, that the heat and smell of burning wax almost overpowers one.

We climbed to the very top of the stairway from which we had a wonderful view of the city. We certainly felt that our visit to this very interesting Shrine was well worth while.

HELEN EMERSON,
Grade IX, Nelson Hall.

A GREENLAND FIORD

I took a boat trip in a fiord and saw some very interesting people. At one place they gave me branches of juniper and knitting needles made of bone.

My father and I took movies with us to show the people and they enjoyed it very much. A boy who was with us said, "Can you not see a face in the rock?" We looked and looked and finally we saw it. It was formed by the stones in the mountain. At this place, also, we saw some baby seals swimming in the water.

At Uminak there was a great big coffee party and everybody came. We saw some sad huts without any wood or glass, but just stones and mud.

MONA LLOYD,
Grade III, Garry Hall.

POLLY THE PET PARROT

Polly was a naughty parrot. Each day he got into more mischief with his talking.

One day when the family was away, the fruit man came and asked the amount of fruit that was wanted. Polly answered, "three dozen oranges, ten bananas, four pounds of grapes and one pound of apples. And put it down in the basement," he added.

When the milkman came, he was told to leave eleven bottles of milk and six of cream, also to put this in the hall cupboard.

Arriving, the baker was told to leave one loaf of bread, two cakes and seven packages of crackers. These were put in the ice box.

When Mrs. Sig Sag Sousky came home, she phoned the fruit store, dairy, and bakery to find where the food was put. After being told, and seeing the quantity, she phoned again, to ask why there was so much. They answered that those were the instructions that were given them.

Mrs. Sig Sag Sousky went to the door and pretended to be the fruit man asking about the fruit. Polly answered and to his surprise found no crackers given to him for a week. This was his punishment.

BETTY-MAY ORMISTON,
Grade V, Douglas Hall.

THE PARISH PRIEST

*Here amidst the fern and pine,
The head of the parish stands,
Eyes uplifted to a nameless shrine,
A prayer book in his hands,*

*His lips are moving in holy prayer,
As he reads from the book of love,
His fingers caressing the pages with care,
As he prays to the Lord above.*

*"I pray Thee God", I heard him say,
"Watch over your flock below.
And especially those who have gone astray,
Show them which way to go.*

*"Help us to bear the toil and strife,
To love, to help and be true,
That when we near the end of our life,
We're closer and nearer, to You."*

*And there at dusk 'neath the fern and pine,
The parish priest still stands,
Eyes uplifted to a nameless shrine,
A prayer book in his hands.*

RUTH MYLES
Grade X, York Hall.

Miss Carter noticed that one of the boarders spent most of her time driving nails into the best furniture.

"I beg your pardon, but won't you find it rather expensive to let her do that?"

Mrs. Munroe; Not at all, I get the nails wholesale.

OUR TURTLE

*We have a turtle,
We call him Sir James,
He hates eating spinach,
He'd be no good at games.*

*James is our mascot,
Is Mrs. Reid's pet,
Stays up after midnight,
And hasn't been caught . . . yet.*

*Although James is slightly
Green around the gills
He's trying to cure this
With vitamin pills.*

*The Red House is noisy
But James doesn't care,
He quietly sits
And considers James rare.*

*Though people ignore him
Any old time
James continues to dream
In his small world sublime.*

NINA JEAN WEBB,
Grade XI, Nelson House.

WINTER

*When winter comes the snow falls fast,
We see the boys at play.
They play at snow and forts and fights
Until they are such awful sights
They scare the girls away.*

*Then on the hills they slide with glee,
The girls are busy too,
They ski and slide and skate on ice,
And do the things we all think nice
In winter—Now don't you?*

ELIZABETH HAMILTON,
Grade IV, York Hall.

SLISH AND SLOSH

*Slish and Slosh were two drops of rain,
Slish was wet,
Slosh was the same.
One day they fell down into a puddle,
And that's how Slish and Slosh
Got into a muddle.*

NORA ANNE RICHARDS,
Grade 4, Douglas Hall.

HOLIDAYS

*The holidays are here again
When we lay down our books and pen.
No need to think of French or Maths
But turn our thoughts to other paths.*

JOYCE STOVEL,
Grade VII, Garry Hall.

ON KEEPING A DIARY

To keep a diary is not as easy a hobby as some people may think. One requires a "knack" only procured by a will and wish to persist in filling in each day's activities. At first the novelty keeps up one's interest, but after a few weeks this interest dies and only those who are strong in will power can overcome this lack of novelty. Those who continue to record their lives become more fluent by practice and soon form a habit.

A space of four lines is usually allowed for each day. Many little tricks can be adopted to save the overflowing of this space. Tiny words such as the personal pronoun "I" and all the articles can easily be omitted as long as the meaning is kept clear. Abbreviations are usually invented by the individual himself. They are very handy and serve their purpose perfectly as long as a translation of their meaning is retained somewhere. A great deal of space can be saved by small writing, but it must not be so tiny that it is not legible to the writer a year or so later. All these "tricks of the trade" improve the writer's chance of keeping a good diary.

When one keeps a diary one must learn to condense all the activities of a day into a very small space. I have already shown how the written thoughts should be condensed to the shortest possible form. There are many adjectives in the English language that help us to express our thoughts in a very few words. As a matter of fact a good adjectival vocabulary must be within reach before effective condensed writing can be secured. Short and clear sentences are essentials to diary writing. Details of all kinds must be left out and only the suggestion of certain things can be included.

Some people start each day by writing the temperature in their diary and later find it interesting to compare it with the same day in the preceding year. However, most diaries are full of more personal events than this. At the end of a day I like to review all the things I have done and to write the most interesting activities in my diary. I often confide in my diary and write things that I think and feel and thus cannot risk telling my friends. However, I do not think it is wise to write anything that could hurt anyone if my diary should be exposed. It is a personal matter and only some dare to write their feelings on paper. A diary can either be a record of pleasant and sometimes not so pleasant experiences, or it can act as a very trustworthy friend who knows and understands all one's feelings and ideas.

One of the nicest things about keeping a diary is re-reading it. It is fun to look back at the little incidents of one's life and to enjoy them all over again. Things that I have long forgotten are flashed across my memory and sights and feelings I once felt live in me once again. Sometimes I am surprised to think that I did such horrifying things a few years ago and sometimes I am quite thrilled by my own experiences. There are a great many advantages in keeping a diary and a person who succeeds in keeping one, is well rewarded for doing so.

SHIRLEY DAWSON, Grade XI, Garry Hall.

SUPERSTITIONS

Last night as I reread the essay on Un-Natural History by Dan McCowan, my mind wandered from the technical points of the essay to reflection on the number of superstitions we today believe in, and I questioned the value of these.

The trouble with people today is that they pretend to be sophisticated and practical, and they turn up their noses with contempt at the thought of being superstitious.

I laughed in "Return of the Native" when Susan Nonsuch stuck a needle into Eustacia to drive away the malign spirit Eustacia was supposed to hold over Susan's children. I thought contemptuously too, of the scene where Susan molded a wax doll similar to Eustacia in every respect, stuck pins in it, and then melted it. That very night Eustacia too, like the doll, met her death. How ridiculous . . . Hardy must have been a superstitious fool himself to write such trash!

In olden days Dan McCowan tells us, the silly old fashioned people believed then, that there was a fabulous monster, the Sidehill Gorger, who was built longer on one side than on the other, so therefore had to climb mountains clockwise or counter-clockwise, depending on which side he was the longer. These people even believed for a long time that porcupines threw their quills.

In English history I read that there was a period in England when people were burned at the stake for witchcraft. These poor uneducated Englishmen believed firmly that people who were mentally deficient were witches. In the Bible too, insanity was misinterpreted as wizardry or witchcraft.

In a recent article in a magazine I learned, too that people of ancient times thought that the knocking of a wood-tick meant, as Dan McCowan so ably expressed it "the approach of the Grim Reaper." People of earlier days than ours were so silly weren't they?

But were they any sillier than we today? I know I for one always throw salt over my left shoulder when I spill it; I never omit to wish on a bale of hay; and know how dangerous it would be to take a second look at the hay once the wish is made. Each night as I go across to the Red House from the White House I wish with complete faith on

"Star light, star bright

First star I've seen tonight"

Regardless of the fact whether people prefer white meat or dark; no one refuses the wish bone of the chicken as an excuse to repeat once more their familiar prayer for success in the June "exams."

Birthday parties, too, find room in all the confusion of merriment and eating, for a brief wish as all the candles are blown out. And there is always one piece of cake, one cookie, or one sandwich left on the plate by the poor guests who fear lest they be old maids.

Yet, although we do pay our thirty-five cents to have our teacups read; shrink from that awful symbol which looks like this—13—; abstain from raising our umbrellas in the house; are we really silly?

I think not. Superstitions are merely an expression of the faith, which we must have in order to survive. If we thought, and knew, that whatever we did, we could not control our lives in any way, most people would end theirs early, for what would be the use of living? Religion is a means of expressing faith; we have no proof that Jesus performed those miracles except that they were recorded by ordinary people of long ago. Yet, religion is not scoffed at. Therefore, superstitions should not be, either.

There have been cases in this recent war, where fliers believed themselves to be safe on a mission simply because they could feel the jingle of a certain talisman in their pocket, or because they had remembered to bring along their wife's picture which had become sacred. Without these small tokens bearing all their faith, the fliers become nervous, unsteady, unsure, and nine times out of ten failed.

It seems too, that prayer and superstitions are closely related and they are. The only difference is that a prayer is an unselfish wish which we are not ashamed to make aloud, a superstition is a wish for our own safety or comfort which we sophisticated and practical moderns are ashamed to make aloud.

Therefore I do not think superstitions of ancient times, or of modern times, are either pointless or without value. And if I pass this exam I will credit it not to studying, or to my English teacher, but to my rabbit foot hanging at the side of my tunic.

JOCELYN WILLIAMS,

Grade XII, York Hall.

FOOT NOTE: I did pass, too.

SHOULD THERE BE COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING IN TIME OF PEACE?

The importance of compulsory military service in peacetime is debatable. When we realize that twice in one century the English speaking nations of the world have escaped defeat and perhaps utter annihilation at the hands of modern, well-equipped armies, merely by chance, and while they were totally unprepared, we sense at least partially the tremendous importance of the timely question.

The idea of "compulsory" military training is in itself repulsive to people who believe in democracy because of the ever present fear that the potential power of a nation's youth in the hands of a tyrant might well lead exactly to what we wish to prevent, a totalitarian state with an army of aggression. It is argued that our system of government might fail, as the feudal system failed, because it was based on force. If the world became a field of armed camps, this might well lead to another war as such alliances as the "Triple Alliance" will once again be opposed by forces similar to the "Triple Entente". Our belief in the education of youth would of necessity undergo radical changes. The difficulty that veterans of recent years have found in resuming their school life, forces upon us the

realization that a young man taken from school for military training, may never return to college and our population may suffer from lack of progress due to lack of education.

There is also the question of the cost to the nation of such a training scheme. Undoubtedly it would result in increased taxation. Conscientious objectors would cause another problem that would lead to internal strife. On the other hand compulsory military training in Canada might present the possibility of compulsory slave labour in the future. The cost to nation of military training now could not be compared with the cost in lives that would result from the conquest of Canada by an alien nation. The idea of compulsory training is good because then everyone would participate instead of a few who usually have to bear the burden and the blame for their disinterested companions. It hardly seems likely that the control of a Canadian military force school should fall into the hands of a despot because we elect our leaders whom we trust or whom we may dispose of, as we see fit. A young man's school career need not be disrupted because this training could become part of his school curriculum and be achieved gradually. Military training has been shown to result in a marked improvement in the health of a recruit and under such a training system it would improve the health of the nation, not only because the frequent medical examinations would curb disease but because increased fitness would be arrived at through the physical training.

History has proven that a foreign power is not so likely to attack an armed neighbor as it is to attempt the conquest of a weak one. Therefore if we wish to maintain our way of life we must be prepared to sacrifice some of its comforts and remain alert, eradicating entirely our *laissez-faire* attitude that has nearly caused us to lose our freedom twice in such a short time. We must realize, as no generation before us has realized that ours is to reason why, and then to do, that others may not have to die.

MAXINE PEDLAR,

Grade XI, Nelson Hall.

There was only one piece of pie left for dessert, so Mrs. Burris divided it evenly between John and Elspeth. Elspeth looked at her mother's empty plate.

"Mother," she said earnestly, "I can't enjoy my dessert if you haven't any. Take John's."

* * *

Joddy (Going into a bookstore) I want a Latin dictionary, please—one of those that tell you how to say "Please call me a taxi," and "Waiter, another coke."

Bookseller: A Latin dictionary doesn't have such expressions. Why would you want one like that?

Joddy: Well, you see, I'm going on a trip to Latin America.

LANGUAGES

UNE HISTOIRE DU CHEVAL

Un jour pendant que Jacques marchait en bas de la rue, il a vu une chose étrange, un homme debout sur un véranda avec un cheval. À la grande surprise de Jacques, l'homme l'a appelé.

"Monsieur, voulez-vous m'aider avec ce cheval, car je veux le prendre en haut".

"Pardon, monsieur, est-ce que je vous ai entendu dire que vous voulez que je vous aide avec votre cheval. Vous êtes bien sot, je vous dis. Que va dire votre femme."

"Elle ne dira rien, croyez-moi! J'expliquerai plus tard".

Enfin Jacques y a consenti. Ce cheval était en tête et souvent il ne voulait pas bouger. Au bout de quelque temps les hommes, fatigués et furieux, ont réussi à gagner la deuxième étage.

"Je suppose", a dit l'homme, "que vous voulez partir."

"Je veux bien," Jacques a répondu impatiemment.

"J'ai une dernière prière", a dit l'homme. "Veuillez-vous m'aider à placer ce cheval dans la baignoire".

"Vraiment monsieur," mais enfin Jacques y a consenti encore.

Quand ils ont fait ceci, Jacques était étonné et il a demandé, "Maintenant, voulez-vous expliquer, s'il vous plaît."

"Certainement, vous voyez, j'ai un beau-frère qui pense qu'il sait tout et il pense que je ne sais rien. Toutes les fois que je lui raconté quelque chose, il dit "Je sais, je sais". Et si demain quand il descendra et il me dira, "Il y a un cheval dans la baignoire!", je veux pouvoir dire,

"Je sais, je sais!"

JUNE BAKER,
Grade IX, Nelson Hall.

MES LAPINS

J'ai un petit lapin brun. Il mange les fleurs et les légumes. Il saute dans sa cage. Il a une petite soeur et un petit frère. Il aime à sauter sur la terre. Mon chien n'aime pas mes lapins. Un jour mon lapin était mouillé par la pluie, son poil est sec maintenant.

ANNIE LOU ORMISTON,
Grade VI, York Hall.

LE SINGE

Il y avait une fois un petit singe. Il était toujours seul. Il joue dans sa maison dans l'arbre. Il n'avait ni frère ni soeur.

Un jour il était malade. Pendant qu'il dormait, il rêvait qu'un lion le chassait. Le lion pouvait courir plus vite que lui, et allait l'attraper mais le singe se réveillait.

DULCIE ANN THOMSON,
Grade V, York Hall.

VESTIMENTA ROMANA ANTICA

Vestimenta ab Romanis antiquis gesta vestimentis nostris hodie non similia erant.

Puellae Romanae iuvenes tunicas gerebant. Pueri iuvenes tunicas domi gerebant et togam praetextam in via gerebant. Togae vestimenta alba erant. Milites Romani lorica et paludamentum gerebant.

Ubi puer quindecim annos natus erat, pater suus et vicini et amici in foro conveniebant, et toga virilis puero dabatur. Illo die puer vir erat nam nunc liber erat.

Matrona Romana stolam gerebat. Stola erat longa roba. In via ea pallam super stolam gerebat et ea caput tegebat.

In pedibus, calcei gerebantur. Calceus solum calcem et summum pedem tegebat.

Omnes puellae et pueri Romani bullas gerebant. Puellae eas gerebant donec cae in matrimonium ducebantur, et pueri eas gerebant donec quindecim annos nati erant.

MARY MATHERS
PAT McCARTHY
JOAN CARRUTHERS
BARBARA CHAMP
BEVERLEY ANN LAIDLAW

A LETTER FROM FRANCE TO RIVERBEND

Chère Mademoiselle,

Je viens vous remercier de votre aimable lettre; et je ne sais comment vous exprimer toute ma reconnaissance pour votre bon coeur de penser à nous envoyer des colis, qui vu les difficultés de vataillement qui servissent en France seront accueillies avec joie. Aussi je vous prie de bien remercier toutes vos camarades qui participent à cette oeuvre généreuse.

La question nourriture est très difficile à résoudre car mes enfants vu leur âge ont très bon appétits, mais au point de vue habillement. Cela donne aussi des difficultés surtout pour les jeunes gens de l'âge de mon éls 15 ans. Quelque temps, vous pouviez m'envoyer un pantalon long, car il n'en a qu'un; il est de taille moyenne; ainsi qu'une robe pour ma fillette qui a 14 ans, cela coûte très cher, et parfois mes moyens ne me permettent pas de leur en acheter.

D'ici quelques temps je dois faire photographier mes deux fillettes je vous enverrai leurs photos.

Je termine Mademoiselle, en vous priant d'accepter les sentiments sinceres de ma grande reconnaissance et mes sinceres salutations.

Mes enfants joignent à moi pour vous remercier.

MME. VIGNES

Bastion 36 Boulevard Paris 18e

P.S.—Si vous avez une robe pour Jacqueline il faudrait sur 95 cms. de longueur.

SCHÖNE ERINNERUNGEN

Wir wollen hier etwas wiederholen, was uns Frau Jones von ihrer Reise nach New York erzählt hat. Sie besuchte ihren Sohn, und sie verbrachten die Weihnachtstage zusammen. Das war vor zwei Jahren. Doch wir wollen nun Frau Jones selbst sprechen lassen.

"Schon am zweiten Tage hörten wir ein wundervolles Konzert, unter der Führung meines verehrten Dirigenten Bruno Walter. Während der letzten Nummer einer Symphonie von Brahms stiegen wir herab von der Gallerie, um als erste an der Bühnentür zu sein! Die letzten Töne der Musik verhalltenbrausender Beifall! Und endlich stand ich klopfenden Herzens vor dem merhallten Künstlerzimmer. Mit meinem Passwort. "Hier bin ich" eilte ich auf ihn zu. Nun lasse ich mein Tagebuch reden: We saw him afterwards. Looked tired and "caged". Was charming. Shook hands twice saying: "Ich bin so glücklich, Sie zu sehen, gnädige Frau!"

Noch ein schönes Ereignis war unser Treffen mit den beiden grossen Schauspielern in "Angel Street", Judith Evelyn und Vincent Price. Evelyn war eine Studentin an unserer Universität gewesen, und wir waren gute Freunde geblieben. Aber Vincent Price sah ich zum ersten Male, und ich war begeistert von dem "Handsome Villain", wie Mrs. Roosevelt ihn in ihrem Zeitungsartikel gennant hatte. Wir sahen uns oft und verbrachten schöne und interessante Studen zusammen. Nach der brillanten Aufführung von "Angel Street" sahen wir die Beiden wieder im Künstlerzimmer, und ich sagte zu Vincent: "I don't like you any more"; worauf er erwiderte: "That was the greatest compliment, Madame, and I thank you very much!"

Noch viel mehr erzählte uns Frau Jones von jenen herrlichen Tagen und dem Treffen mit interessanten Männern und Frauen der Kunst und Wissenschaft. Aber alles geht zu Ende, und so kam der Abschiedstag. Am achten Januar kam sie wieder in Winnipeg an. Ihre letzten Worte im Tagebuch sind:—"Es ist alles wie ein Traun" . . . aber ein schöner."

MARJORY LYNN MCINTYRE,

Grade XI, Garry Hall.

CAROL ANDERSON,

Grade XI, Douglas Hall.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD GIRL

MacIntosh Hall,
St. Andrews,
Fifeshire, Scotland,
April 2nd, 1946

Dear Joan:

You seem to require a letter for the Vox Fluminis—well I doubt whether I can do it. I can't think what I'm supposed to say.

Your letter was forwarded to me at home. We live in Hythe now, where we used to live before the war.

Ellen Kinneard was staying with us at the time. She and her father are in England for a bit and London is so dreary, they are both going to stay at Hythe until they leave. Ellen for Canada—just to finish her trip around the world.

Valery is still at school: Ellen and I went to see her last Thursday and Miss Bell took us out to tea. Valery, as you may have heard, came top out of all those at Benenden who took school cert. last year. As is the custom she is staying till the end of this year before going to Cambridge to study medicine.

I am getting on moderately well here. I am still capable of scoring 19 on a Maths exam: that is my lowest yet but I won't shout too loudly as I get some more marks read out tomorrow. I have hopes of getting 60 but.

The weather at home was lovely last week. I went swimming in the sea four times and cut my foot on some barbed wire which is still too plentiful on the beaches. In case you're wondering why I was home at this strange time it is because we had our Easter holidays then. I don't know why "Easter"—perhaps because Easter isn't until three weeks afterwards. It's the only excuse I can think of.

This is my second year here and by the end of next year I may have an ordinary B.Sc. I seem to be mainly interested in Mathematics and Astronomy—two subjects which go extremely well together and at the same time are exceedingly useless for any practical purposes—unless one is a genius in which case one ends up as a prof.

I occasionally dream of doing an external degree in meteorology from London in the future—in which case I could probably do a far more interesting job than teaching Chemistry (which I will do sometime soon). I should not like to teach Maths as I do not like school geometry—it's too obvious for words.

Thank you for your letter.

Love

ROSA

LETTERS FROM EUROPE

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS OF A DUTCH GIRL TO A GIRL IN RIVERBEND

I go to High School, fourth form and I learn Geometry, Algebra, Biology, Natural History, Geography, History, French, German, English, Dutch, Bookkeeping and Commercial Arithmetic. . . .

I live in a house with a thatched roof. It's the house of a German, who was taken prisoner. The Germans burnt down my house in September 1944 because they were laying nails on the road and thus their tires got out of order. (I don't know how I must say that)

I have seen a very nice picture of Winnipeg's Main Street at night. It was in a Dutch magazine. We don't have such nice streets here in Holland. . . .

When somebody is engaged here in Holland, they wear the engagement ring always on the fourth finger left hand and when they get married the minister puts them on the fourth finger of the right hand. So you see it's different from Canada. And we always have a gold ring. . . .

How were your Easter exams? I'll get them on May 21st and 22nd. Those days I must write them and in July I must say them. . . .

During the war you could not travel very well. The trains were very crowded with Jerries and we did not like sitting or standing beside a Jerry, he was always smelling. . . .

LETTERS FROM HOLLAND TO RIVERBEND

The Hague, 12 Apr., 1946.

Mrs. R. Ruivenkamp,
Sportlaan 61,
Den Haag.
Dear Miss:

This morning the postman brought a parcel from Canada with your name as the sender and ours as the addressed. As we couldn't believe that the parcel was for us, we turned over and over the heavy parcel, but couldn't find that it was a mistake.

Then we opened it and our amazement grew at each thing we dugged out . . . how did you know that we were in want of all this? Although our food position increased last month, it is still a big job for Mother to prepare good meals; the things you sent will help her! And so will all the toilet articles.

Now, the table was too small to put all the good gifts upon. Be sure, we made a thank and joyful dance around it. The contents were all in good condition, even the cake was as fresh as if it came just from the baker—and the parcel was good-closed.

And each visitor in our house is shown what we received from you and may take a "snuff" from the raisins and deal in the general enjoyment.

We hope that soon it will be possible to send you a souvenir from our country that has been and is still helped so generously by Canada. Please write, if you have special wishes!

Very, very good wishes to you and much thanks from your unknown friends in Holland.

R. RUIVENKAMP PLANA,
H. V. COEVERDEN.

We hope you will have good Easter! When only your country and mine listen to the Voice of the Man who died on Easter, future will be hopefull en safe!—H.V.C.

The Hague, 1946.

Dear Miss:

Yesterday we were enjoyed by your parcel containing so useful things. Very much thanks, unknown giver! How can I describe our astonishment and thankfulness by opening the parcel!

All the contents were in very good condition. Perhaps you are astonished to get our letter from another address you sent the parcel to, but that's because we got another house nearly three months ago. Our first house—Lavendelstraat 43—was seriously damaged by German V-bombs. We live now in a very nice quarter of the town, where each house has its own garden. A year ago the Germans lived in this evacuated part of the Hague and transferred it to a defence-line, broke down a big strip of ground and dugged a tank-canal in it, the surrounding houses became bastions. The contents of the houses were sent to Germany; "love-gifts from Holland" as Goebbels told his people.

Remembering these terrible times, wherein a foreign power exploited our country and tried to eliminate our resistance, it is good to know that there are men and women, boys and girls, a whole nation, yes, many nations that know about our difficulties, our needs and our problems and are willing to assist us in thought and deeds, in prayer and work, in rebuilding our national life and country in all sections. Be sure, youth of Holland works! It took some time to get the machines running, but by and by each man finds his work and eagerly takes part in rebuilding our damaged world. Will it be a better one? Sure it will, when once there will be as good understanding between all peoples as there is now between Holland and Canada.

If I didn't write your name exactly, excuse me: the address-card was cut just over the name.

I close with our very best wishes for our unknown friends in Canada. The bond of friendship may it last!

MRS. R. RUIVENKAMP,
H. V. COEVERDEN.

P.S.—We already tasted the candies and the "snacks". It's all delicious!—R.R.

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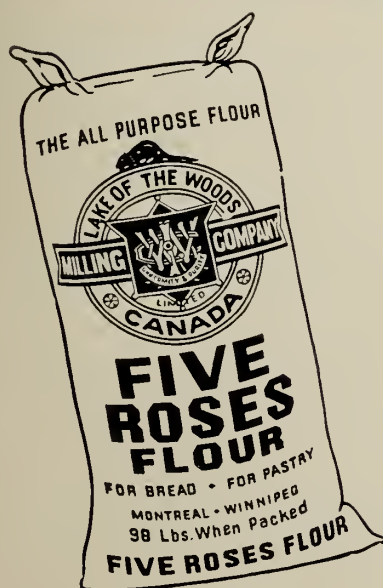
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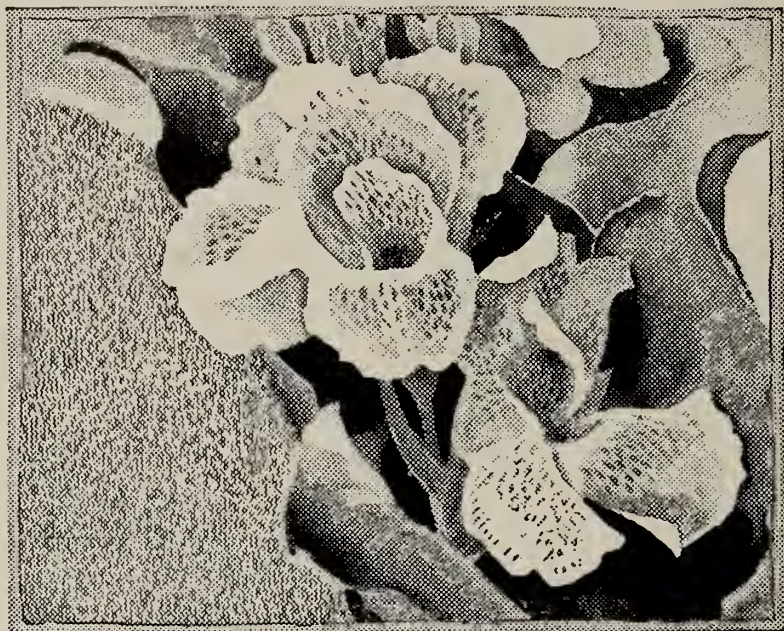
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